# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXII. NO. 51. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1862. WHOLE NO. 1,143.

**National Anti-Slavery Standard.**

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

**AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,**

At its Office, No. 48 Beekman Street, New York:

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

106 *North-Tenth Street, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.


## THE STANDARD.

### WASHINGTON AND THE WEST.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.,

AT THE

*Tremont Temple, Boston, Thursday Eve'g, April* 17, 1862.

REPORTED BY J. M. W. YERRINTON.

[WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq., who had just returned from a lecturing tour at the West, spoke at the Tremont Temple, by invitation of the Fraternity, on Thursday evening, 17th ult. A very large audience was in attendance, the hall being nearly filled. The lecturer, on entering the hall, and again on rising to address the audience, was greeted with repeated and enthusiastic cheers. He was introduced by Charles W. Slack, Esq., and spoke as follows:]

I CERTAINLY owe great thanks, to you and the Fraternity, who have given me the opportunity to speak to-night, marked as the present week is by one of the greatest events in the history of the progressive movement. For the first time in sixty years, the flag of the Republic floats over a Capital untrodden by a slave. For the first time, the constituted authorities of the nation make one step toward that great motto—"Freedom National"—and give us a Capital without a chain (cheers). Neither you nor I could naturally have expected to live to see that result. Not the most sanguine of us could have hoped that any means he could call into exercise would so far prevail against the seeming interest and the well-anchored institutions of the country as to consecrate even the District to liberty in our day. We have lived to see so much. In a nation that moves so fast as we do, it gives us good hope that those are yet living, in middle life, within these walls, who shall see the whole continent, so far at least as it acknowledges the stars and stripes, clean and free from the fetter of a slave (applause). We may, indeed, congratulate our tireless Senator, Mr. Wilson, on the imperishable honor this session gives him. Whenever history tells of the destruction of that infamous slave jail in the District, or of the abolition of slavery itself there, or of the first effort to prevent tory officers from turning soldiers into slave-hounds, his name and fame will be indissolubly bound up with that welcome and honorable story.

Since I last had the honor of speaking from this platform, I have floated on the bosom of the Potomac, felt the breeze from the surface of the Mississippi, and looked upon four of the five great lakes—a long journey, finished in a few days. Thirty years ago, in Faneuil Hall, in an assemblage of merchants, called to consider the question of building railroads, Amasa Walker—a name never to be mentioned without honor in a New England lecture-room, for he did much, labored most efficiently, to launch this system of lectures in Massachusetts—I am old enough to remember when, thirty years ago, in Faneuil Hall, Amasa Walker prophesied that the boy was then living who would see such methods of travel as would carry a man from Boston to St. Louis in five days. The prophecy was received with shouts of derision and contempt. The boundless energy of New England and New York has stirred itself, within these thirty years, and to-day you may go to St. Louis and back again in five days. That same boundless energy, which has made New York and Boston as much the outlet of the Great Valley to the ocean as the natural channel of the Mississippi is, still lives; and if I were to prophesy to-night that the man sits in this audience, who, within fifteen or twenty years, will see that same boundless energy sweeping the system of bondage from this belt of the continent, you might think it as vain a prophecy; but I believe that to New England, met in Faneuil Hall for liberty or for business, nothing is impossible, and I believe the prophecy will be accomplished (applause). We annihilate distance; we can annihilate obstacles as well. What we have done with nature, we shall yet do with politics. New England and New York, the great financial and thinking brains of the continent, have taken this problem in hand. South Carolina herself, flinging down the gauntlet of battle, has wiped out fifty years from the life of slavery. She leads the way in the abolition of the system, and, as in so many other cases, the nation follows her lead (laughter).

I come back to you to-night, as I went away six weeks ago, persuaded that slavery on this continent has begun the chapter which records its death. I have no doubt of it. You may see it in the dispositions of the people; you may see it in the policy of the nation; you may see it, I think, in the intentions of its statesmen. But whether you do or not, I care little for intentions to-day. No matter what you mean, or what Washington means, or what the people of the great West mean to-day. When I see a man half-way down Niagara, I don't ask his intentions—he will go down (applause). Events—most encouraging events—thicken all around us, showing that by all the elements which go to make up national life, the death of the slave system is decreed, and is sealed. I find great encouragement everywhere. I find it in the disposition of the President. I believe he means what he said to the Border State Senators and Representatives when, at the announcement of his message, he summoned them to his presence—"Gentlemen, don't talk to me about slavery; you love it; I hate it. You mean it shall live; I mean it shall die!" (Prolonged applause.) I think if he lacks anything, it is neither intention nor capacity—he has enough of both for his function—but will; power to bear up against external influences—temptations that make him timid, protests that make him dawdling, adverse circumstances that make him very cautious, spending four months on one message. But I believe he has all he lacks in his Cabinet, which consists of one man, single and alone, fit to bear up, like Atlas, a nation—Stanton (applause). I don't believe in any other Cabinet; I did not hear of any other (laughter). I don't think the nation recognizes any other. There was a man once Secretary of State, and he wrote to Mr. Dayton, in Paris, a year ago, that this convulsion would cease without changing the status of a single individual, either in the territories or the States. Fifteen hundred slaves, freed by a two-thirds vote of Congress and the assent of the President, ask to-day where is the Secretary of State? The nation has drifted so far that he has become invisible. There was another man in the Cabinet—the Secretary of the Treasury—responsible, he and his State, for fastening that intolerable mortgage upon us, Gen. McClellan, in spite of the judgment of Lieut.-General Scott. Two-thirds of McClellan's military repute grew out of the supposition that Scott summoned him to Washington as the best soldier on the continent. As he never did summon him, that supposition vanishes, and with it all of McClellan's fame that was not gone before. That Secretary, too, has faded into nothingness—buried under the General whom he summoned to Washington. I recognize in the Cabinet no will but the Secretary of War. I think him the right yoke-fellow of the President—supplying all he lacks. The two make a working pair, competent for all the nation needs. "You will fight, you will tell why not, or you will go out"—that is the key-note of the Secretary of War. "Why can't I have a court martial to try Fremont?" says Col. Blair. "Because I am too busy to wash your dirty linen" (applause). That is the locomotive on the rail—nothing but one purpose, to move forward; and if cannon does not crush the rebellion, abolition will. I don't think the Secretary is an Abolitionist to-day, but he is on the anxious seat (laughter); and if, in the Providence of God, South Carolina and President Davis hold out until November, I have no doubt we shall have an Abolitionist for Secretary of War (applause). My faith, therefore, in the man is sufficient. I don't think he has gone out, as the papers say. If he has, we have lost the corner-stone of success. A year of sacrifices would be nothing to the sacrifice of "the right man in the right place"—the only man on the continent who deserves the name of a Napoleon for the exigency. But whether he lives or not, as Secretary of War, I think the slave issue is certain—I have no doubt of that. Events move too fast for any individual to resist them. Mr. Lincoln may abolish slavery, he cannot save it. The nation may abolish slavery, they cannot save it. God appealed first to the pulpits—they were barred against his messenger; he appealed to ballots—they were too slow for his method; he appealed to bullets, and the slaves of the District are the first trophies of his victory (applause). In the old days, he said to Pharaoh, "Let my people go"—a simple command; the monarch hardened his heart. He disturbed his realm, secondly, with all sorts of dissension and material adversity; still the monarch hardened his heart. He gave his first-born to the grave, and the Jew went free (sensation). He leads us through the same valley. He tried us with moral appeals; he tried us with national dissension and debate; and now he seals Emancipation in the blood of our first-born. That ordeal slavery will never survive. The strength of slavery has been in the idea of the North that there was something sacred in the compromises of the Constitution, something graceful, chivalresque and picturesque in the slaveholder and his system. That delusion goes out at Manassas—the skulls of brave men used for drinking vessels. It goes out at Fort Donelson and Pittsburg, when chivalry took to its heels before the men whom it had affected to despise (applause). Never again will the North sit down blind worshippers of a civilization supposed to be better than their own.

This day, a year ago, the 6th Massachusetts regiment left the Commonwealth to save the Capital. You know the doubt and dissension of the North, the confident boasts of the South. You know the boasts of Democratic candidates, as near as Connecticut—the candidate for Governor himself the spokesman—that if Massachusetts sent a regiment across her soil, he would call out the militia to resist them, before they should reach the Capital. You know the boast of Toombs, that he would call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill. I have lived to hear the roll-call of a Massachusetts regiment on the "sacred soil" of Virginia first (applause). We were mobbed from the John Brown meetings a little more than a year ago. I have heard the "John Brown song" on the "sacred soil" of Virginia, and the court-house in which he was doomed to death is the barracks of a Massachusetts regiment. Who dreamed, a year ago, when those gallant boys hurried to save the Capital, that emancipation would be decreed in the District to-day, with Baltimore sullen under the port-holes of Northern cannon, and with Northern regiments holding Virginia under their feet? Yet so it is.

But still I do not think the act abolishing slavery in the District, broad and marked as it is, is so significant as the Message of the President. After all, the President is ahead of the manifestations of the opinion of the people. He holds out his hands to the millions and says, "Support me!" We have not yet answered him officially. That Message of his is the boldest voice yet heard over the continent. It means more than men accord to it. He claims that, and claims it rightly. May I tell you a story?—he always tells one (laughter). Noticing some criticisms upon his Message, he said, "There is more in it than people see. Did you ever hear of the Irishman who went down to the State of Maine, in Maine Liquor law times, and asked for a glass of soda-water, adding, 'Couldn't you put a drap of the crather in it, unbeknown to meself?' So I have put a large drop of the crather in it, unbeknown to them" (laughter and applause). Indeed he has; for that Message means substantially this: Gentlemen, I put down a milestone to-day. I show you how far twelve months have carried this question beyond the Secretary of State's letter to Mr. Dayton. Government sent that letter to Paris; Congress passed the celebrated resolution that they would never be led to interfere with slavery in the States. Eleven months float away, and I, the President of the United States, at the headquarters and sources of information, competent to judge of the nation's position—I tell you, gentlemen, *now is your time to sell.* If you don't seize it, and another twelvemonth sweeps what you call property from your grasp, without compensation, never say I did not give you fair notice (applause). That is one-half the Message; the other half is an arrow's flight beyond even that, for it says this—"Gentlemen, if you will sell, I will buy." What means that? Where in the Constitution, in peace times, does he find the right to buy? Has he forgotten Clay and Webster, and the Resolutions of '90, that the Congress of the United States cannot cross the boundary of a State to interfere with the system of slavery? His Message says, "Gentlemen, I will buy." In other words, "You have given me the right to buy; the rebellion confers upon me the right to buy." And he goes on to say, "The abolition of slavery would be an efficient means of ending this war; if I find cannon unsuccessful, I shall try other efficient means." In other words, "Gentlemen, I will buy if you will trade. If you won't trade, remember that I have the right to take." Pregnant words! Be happy that you live to hear them from the head of the government. For the first time in the history of the government, it has done an anti-slavery act, it has spoken an anti-slavery word (applause). Sufficient for one year! Enough to have gained in twelve months! I believe that any man who contemplates national events has ample reason to be satisfied with what we have already accomplished in this single year.

I think, however, that there are other proofs how soon freedom is coming. I do not look to the government. I have no confidence in official leading. I think the people lead. McClellan banishes the Hutchinsons from his camp; it is a slight sign. The soldiers hang on to John Brown's song; it is a great one. The masses are to settle this question, not the statesmen. They stood still last winter, and saw Floyd steal; they had no such confidence in the masses as would embolden them to tell the secret! They stand to-day doubting, disbelieving, incredulous of the purpose and intelligence of the masses. The President said to a leading Republican politician of New York—"Why don't you hold meetings" (it was two days before that glorious Convention in New York which Carl Schurz made immortal by his great speech)—"Why don't you hold meetings, and let me feel the mind of the nation?" "Sir," was the reply, "we are to hold them; we hold one to-morrow." "Hold them often; hold many of them; hold as many as possible. You cannot create more anti-slavery feeling than we shall need before we get through this war" (applause). In other words, the President holds out his hands to the people, and says, "Am I right? How far may I go?" Answer him. Tell him the ice is thick thus far, and will be thicker an arrow's flight ahead. Tell him that if his Message to the Border States leads you to say Amen, a message to the Gulf States that says Liberty will have a tenfold Amen (loud applause). In one sense, we demand too much of the government—of the Senate and the Cabinet. They are the only portions of the government that have definite ideas, but they are nothing; the masses are everything. Struggling up to light on all sides are indications of the popular sentiment. There should be official, grave indications. Leading men, legislative bodies, official corporations, should speak the will of the North, if it really exist, on this question, so that the government may feel able to trust and lean on a well-assured public purpose.

Fellow-citizens, we stand just here. The Gulf States have made up their minds, I believe. There is no Unionism in them, outside of the city of New Orleans. New Orleans is mercantile—she is for the North. She knows that if she has not the great valley of the Mississippi behind her, she is a desert. New Orleans is for the Union. Whatever stars and stripes reach New Orleans will be welcome. Outside of that city, I do not believe in a shred of Union feeling, further than the mountains of Alabama and the Carolinas. The Gulf States have made up their mind—they want slavery without the Union. The Border States have made up their minds, for the present—they want slavery and the Union. The North, I believe, in its masses, has made up its mind—it wants the Union without slavery (loud applause). If that public sentiment can be ripened and made manifest, the Union is saved; if it cannot, or if it does not exist, the Union is gone. No juggle, no trick, no superficial arrangement, is possible. We have reached the level of reality. If the Union is not, really and absolutely, the preference, above everything, of the majority of the North, then it is gone. You cannot make it appear, if it is not. It may be smothered awhile; if it does not exist, if it is not made manifest, neither you nor I will ever see the Union again. I believe it does exist. I believe the masses, if you and I do our duty, will make it manifest to the leading authorities. That is our duty to-day. All I have to say to you to-night looks toward that result. Ripen, manifest, aggregate public sentiment as swiftly as possible. The enemy are at work. The most golden hours have gone. The President lost them last fall. When the Southern States issued their letters of privateering, and startled New York, if he had said—"You strike our property—we strike yours!" the seaboard would have said Amen to the utmost emancipation. If, when Fremont issued his proclamation, "Let liberty be on the river," the Cabinet had sat still, and let public opinion crystalize around that act, they would have found strength, confidence, support, enthusiasm enough, before this, to venture emancipation as the nation's policy. If, when Manassas sent its thrill of indignation over the North, the Cabinet had replied with liberty to the slaves, again I believe the North would have said Amen. These golden hours have gone. To-day, that chilled enthusiasm begins to see party lines drawn across it. To-day, Whig venom and Democratic venom speak out. From some I take encouragement; from some I take discouragement. *The North American Review*, in its last issue, says of Mr. Sumner and Mr. Conway (of Kansas), that their projects of emancipation are giving aid and comfort to the enemy; that they are traitors, and if they would adhere to the enemy, it would do less harm. I do not believe that, in the whole hundred volumes of *The North American*, you can find a criticism like that—anything like it—on a Senator of Massachusetts. It is the dying venom of Whig malice, spit out in its feebleness against two men—Sumner of Massachusetts and Conway of Kansas—whose ample, practical knowledge of public affairs, and whose wide, profound, statesmanlike ability, fit them preëminently for the places they fill. It is the last utterance of defeated Whig malice against a Senator whose broad culture, enlarged statesmanship, and single-eyed devotion to liberty, find no equal on the list of Senators that Massachusetts has sent to the Capital (great applause). I count that sentence evidence of success; for, on a careful examination of *The North American*, I find that, barking at the heels of onward men as it always has, this has been uniformly true—take any idea it attacks, wait twenty years, and that idea is a statute. I take it, therefore, that within the next twenty years, the policy which it denominates "treason" will be enthroned in the Capital. I count that spiteful sentence an omen of success. Enough for success. We are hopeful enough. The great West makes us hopeful enough. Her children, who have gone down to Pittsburg, by the way of Donelson and Fort Henry, to see about the mouth of the Mississippi, have left as noble men behind them. They know, they feel, they are wide-awake to the peril of this Republic; but the difficulty to-day is, that the Democratic party is drawing its lines. Municipal successes all over the land, from Wisconsin, by the way of Chicago, Cleveland, Rochester, Utica, all along the line, indicate that party instead of enthusiasm is again to take its place in national affairs. You have a new problem. What I would impress upon you to-night is, that the difficulty deepens with every hour—not of destroying slavery, but of saving the State. The negro is not the question. He is the pebble in the cog-wheel. You must get him out out, or the machine won't go. I am not here to speak for him. I have no message from Washington or the great West about him. He may safely despise us. He holds the key of our position. Neither party can succeed without him. He is not in question. The greater question remains behind—Is the Union, or, in much better phrase, are free institutions, to survive? Is slavery, when it goes down into its grave, to drag Republicanism with it into common ruin? I wish I could impress upon you to-night the terrible peril which free institutions labor under to-day. It is not the negro. It is no mattter what the Democratic press says of compensation, colonization, or anything else—I shall have a word to say about that in a moment, but that is not the question. The question to-day is behind that. A conquered territory, a vast army, an endless debt, a government of necessity endowed with despotism for a dozen years. Every man at Washington who thinks allows that, for ten or fifteen years, we must have a great army, half as large, at least, at at present, a constantly increasing debt, a vast military spirit, government holding despotic powers. Out of that peril is the Union to be saved? are free institutions to survive? Seven thousand officers, with the popularity of the army behind them, are to enter into politics—civil places filled, professional posts occupied. When Hamilton and Burr came out of the Revolution, able, ambitious, popular men, they busied themselves in the courts. Suppose courts had been closed against them, suppose the restless ambition, latent talent and boundless popularity of the Revolution had found no field in the professions and mercantile life, how long would the newly-launched Constitution have survived the uneasy agitation of such a class? That peril we are to face in a dozen years or less.

Fellow-citizens, I can have no message for you from the Capital or the West that precedes in importance this solemnity of the crisis. The last words of your President to me were—"It is a big job; the country little knows how big." All the great elements of political life are broken up. All the future rests on the intelligence and virtue of the people. The government are our servants. Up to this moment, the people have done their share. Men, money, submission. All we want to-day is a purpose, a policy. This gold—give us something for it! This blood—give us an equivalent! And yet I come back to you, and hear you talk of a union of parties. There should be no union of parties, without an express understanding of ideas. This Commonwealth united parties, struck down party lines. What is the consequence? Judge Thomas in the House of Representatives! An empty chair would be worth his weight in diamonds! (Applause.) A union of parties which forgets ideas, which conquers only to fight over again on the field of victory which idea shall precede the other, is worse than a defeat. Let there be no union of parties that does not have for its basis—This Union can be saved only by getting rid of slavery. We will settle the method when we come to the conquest, but that is the idea.

Oh, if I could only plant it deep in your hearts, that all the politics of the next ten years, certainly of the next five, should have no union without the most *exigeant* idea that the men uniting agree the Union can be saved only by getting rid, in some method, of bondage down to the Gulf, I should think free institutions have got their guaranty. Without it, they never will. Do you suppose that conquest will convert the South to the Union? Cannon, even if hunger makes them successful, will not bring Carolina into the Union. Chaining South Carolina and Massachusetts together, like mad dogs, does not make a Union. The Message that I bring to you, if I bring any, from the men who look to you for support, is—"Give us the support of ideas, not the hollow support of words. Give us an intelligent and avowed determination and purpose that this war shall not end until slavery is swept from the surface of the continent."

I tell you, throughout the West, the Democratic party rears its head. It gave me the benefit of an incessant advertisement. I owe audiences of thousands and tens of thousands to the fact that a fortnight before I approached a city, the Democratic press loaded its columns with advertisements for me. Cincinnati heralded me with the most excellent advertisement, and sent me sealed as her apostle to the banks of the Mississippi (laughter). It was a *Democratic* endorsement that Cincinnati gave me (applause). It opened my way to the hearts of the prairies so quickly, that I was almost afraid men would suspect me of collusion; but when I got there, I found the same cordial enthusiasm, the same relentless ideas in the masses that I find here, but the same lack of organized effort—the same resting on the logic of events—the same certainty that God would work out his own purpose in his own time. In the meanwhile, Democrats were stirring the intrigues of politics, to make the next Congress weaker than the present, to clog the wheels of government; they were using a press, poisoned with Southern intrigue, to build up a seeming public opinion that should bring back, perhaps, a temporary triumph, a lull, even a compromise not impossible. What are we fighting for to-day? The South is fighting for the Dred Scott decision, for slavery in the territories, and slavery in the District. One year has thrust slavery out of the District. Do your duty for six months, we will thrust it out of the territories; another six months, and we will thrust it out of the States (applause). But leave it a year, and we may see Cincinnati mobs in every seaboard city; the public mind may be swayed to and fro with intrigue. There is very little proper argument of the question. What I contend is, that you Republicans, you Abolitionists, are not standing to your guns. The enemy are sowing their tares—you do not answer them. Why, the Message of the President, announcing his assent to the bill abolishing slavery in the District, is full of "compensation," of "colonization." Excellent doctrines, both of them, if properly applied. Colonization! Whom shall we colonize—the men that work, or the men that don't work? Colonize the black—you get rid of hands. Colonize the slaveholder, you get rid of mouths. Let us talk this matter over frankly. Colonization—why? Why, *The Courier* and *Post* tell you that if you don't colonize, 400,000 South Carolina blacks are coming here. Why don't the editor of *The Courier* go to Lapland? Because he likes this climate; because there is no pro-slavery paper published in Lapland (great merriment). He would not like Lapland—he would find nothing to do. That keeps him here—more sorrow for us! (Applause.) Now, are not natural laws equal? Why does the black stay in Carolina? Because he likes it. As I heard a white man from Georgia say—"I would rather be hung in Georgia than live in Massachusetts." Then, again, the black knows how to plant cotton and rice. He would not come to Massachusetts to make shoes or edit *The Courier*. He does not know how; thanks to God, he has not learned (applause). Look at the absurdity of this pretence. A population of four millions invading the North! Why don't Massachusetts move to Greenland? Nothing to do there; so we stay in Massachusetts. Louisiana raises, under its burning sun, sugar. She loves the sun and the toil. She will stay there. She does not want Massachusetts granite and Massachusetts ice. These self-conceited Bostonians, who think they are the "hub of the universe," suppose the whole slave population will rush to the peninsular. How absurd! And yet this is the talk the President has listened to, and apparently believed. While the negro dreads the South as the land of bondage, he will fly anywhere to escape it. While slavery exists in Carolina, every prudent Port Royal negro will come North as soon as he can. Make Carolina, his sunny native land, free and safe for him, and cart ropes will never drag him to this cold, granite Massachusetts. If any man really dreads an avalanche of blacks on Massachusetts, let him fasten them South by emancipation.

Compensation, again! Compensation to whom? If we are to have these questions thrust upon us, begin to discuss them. Compensation to whom? Will you compensate the slave? For two hundred years, you have crushed him to the earth, until his very brain is partially imbruted. The soil you cultivate, the roads you build, the mansions you dwell in, the stock you have secured, the civilization you have garnered up, is his blood—the whole of it. You turn him out naked, helpless, with empty hands; and that you call *justice*. Such an amount of justice that the nation trembles at giving him so much! Giving him what? Our fathers, in six generations, have made Massachusetts what it is, Boston what it is—its streets, its houses, its institutions, its libraries, its culture, its fame. Suppose we were turned out with nothing, and men said—"That is your all; that is justice!" With just that, you turn out the slave. And who are the masters, whom *The Courier* and *Post* talk of compensating? Thieves, beggars, parading their aristocracy; barbarians—witness Manassas; naked as their fellow-savages of New Zealand, if the negro had not provided them with clothing, and the North made it up. These are the men, with their dirt-eating, doughface sycophants, the Democratic newspapers of the North, who ask us for compensation. We will grant it—why? For the same reason that the father gives his weak, underwitted son the most money—because he cannot take care of himself. We compensate the master, because he cannot take care of himself; we set the slave free with nothing, because he can (loud applause). The idea of compensation is this: we pity, we shelter the white man from the consequences of his sin, we recognize that the slave can take care of himself, and justice, the merest shred of it, is enough for him. I come back to Boston, and hear the Democratic presses talking of an avalanche of blacks, unable to take care of themselves, when, on a Washington register, exists the mortgage of his house, by Stephen A. Douglas, for $12,000, to a negro of the District—a man who had not only gathered up $12,000, but knew so well how to take care of it, that he would not lend it to a Democratic candidate for the Presidency without a mortgage (loud and prolonged applause). While that fact remains recorded at Washington, I think every Democrat in the Northern States is estopped from saying that negroes cannot take care of themselves (applause). No, let us define this doctrine accurately. The Abolitionist claims nothing of privilege for the negro. I blink no issue—don't you. There is no weak point in this question anywhere. The black of South Carolina asks nothing of this government but—"Take your yoke off my neck! I will take care of myself, and the white man also." And let me tell you, these are facts which you must think of, and talk about, and make a policy from, within the next six or eight months, because within that time there is this path and that to be chosen out of this difficulty, and this means peace, and that means the long desert of forty years of discord, disgrace, half bankruptcy, national ruin. The white man of the Carolinas—mark me!—the white man of the Carolinas is not half as ready, to-day, to be the master of free labor as the slave is to be a free laborer. Disabuse yourselves of all idea of a black skin making any difference in the settlement of this question. There is no remedy at the North, nor the West, nor at Washington. They are chopping straw at the Capital; they are making logical distinctions; they are waiting for you. The House of Representatives is nothing; it has not the means, to-day, of passing a bill. The Senate is in advance of it; the Cabinet in advance of them; the people of the Northwest, looking to the East for a purpose, in advance of the Cabinet; the army in advance of all, if what is said at Washington may be trusted. But one thing is certain. Our fathers' history reads us a lesson. Fairfax and Essex and Manchester, the men who led the armies of the Parliament the first years of the revolution of 1640, who were anxious to hurt nothing and nobody, gave way to Cromwell and Ireton, the men who struck at the root of the difficulty. McClellan, and Halleck, and Grant, and Buel, the men who dodge the article of war, the men who no longer surrender slaves from their camps, only put them outside the lines when the master is known to be there—these men now lead our armies. I met, within a day or two, a Massachusetts officer—he may be in this house—his arms taken from him, and himself put under arrest, at the bidding of a Boston Lieutenant-Colonel, because he would not put a negro out of the camp, where his master was known to be. He stands to-day without a commission, and that Lieutenant-Colonel is in the field. The Manchesters, the Fairfaxes, the Essexes, the men who want to harm nobody, are at the head of the army. We never shall conquer until they go by the board, and the Fremonts, the Sigels, and the Hunters—the Cromwells and Iretons of our day—take their places (applause and a few hisses, followed by renewed and vociferous cheering). I expect to be hissed for that sentiment for twelve months, and then I expect to be applauded. There is no use in sacrificing hundreds of thousands of lives with men who don't mean to win the battle. I do not think McClellan a traitor. The President says he is not; I will trust the President so far; but I think he stands exactly where Fairfax and Essex stood in 1640—anxious to hurt nobody, and nobody has been hurt. I think we shall conquer in this struggle when Cromwell comes. His advent was marked by this question: "Will you shoot the King?" "Yes, sooner than I will shoot anything else." We want a General, like Sigel or Fremont, to say, when he is asked, "Will you kill slavery?" "Yes, sooner than I will touch anything else" (loud applause). The dead timber of the Cabinet, that sits calculating its chances for the next Presidency, and the worse timber of the Major-General, bred in the regular army, liking the South better than the North, hating a Northern volunteer General far more than he does Beauregard, is all to be sloughed off before the valor and blood of Massachusetts and the West is to clear this continent as the basis of free institutions. When that comes, if it comes soon, we shall save the government. If it does not come soon, we shall not. Another year, and Davis in the field, he will be recognized. The moment fourteen States, or ten, get recognized, their first effort will be to put a wedge between the Northeast and the Northwest, to divide us into three or four confederacies. Any man who stands in the Capital to-day, and notices the debates, can see, even now, the line of that division, which it needs but a very little enmity to stir into active life. What you are carrying your banner to the Rappahannock to-day to settle is not, whether we shall have two nations, but four; and four nations mean despotism, mean military republics, mean large armies, mean the last of these free institutions. Fellow-citizens, it is the work of a whole generation. Only a year ago, you seemed to be making money, you seemed to be garnering up nothing but prosperity. The car was going ahead sixty miles an hour. You said, "It is all pure gain!" God said—"The axles are red-hot—stop!" The garnered wealth of this generation is to be used up in doing justice to this victim race, in lifting that white race of the South out of the ignorance that deludes it into thinking itself our enemy. The atonement that Heaven demands at your hands is this generation, and all it has, offered on that altar and on that. The sin of your fathers—you cannot atone for it by any superficial process, by any slight virtue, by any single life. Baker, and Lyon, and Ellsworth and Winthrop, are but the first martyrs in the great atonement. The South is not to be converted in a moment. She is to be subjugated, and then held. Two or three hundred thousand men are to hold the territory, while free labor works out its result. I want your pledge for the war. The great West is on the alert; fully aware of the magnitude of the struggle; its young sons have volunteered for ten years, for twenty. The East, immersed in its business, poisoned somewhat by its wealth, is not half as enthusiastic as the prairies and the great cities of the lakes. These feeble responses—I assure you they are nothing to the out-door gatherings, to the intense feeling of responsibility at the West. All along the wayside you meet men who have given their whole families to the army. One father says—"I have given four sons, my only sons; one is at No. 10, one is with Grant at Pittsburgh, one in the Gulf, and one with McClellan. The country is welcome to the lives of all, though I am just entering my own grave, only I must see Liberty rise out of their blood, or I shall feel that the Union has murdered them" (sensation). Another father says to me—"I have one boy; he stands marshalled to-day with Grant. God grant him life; but if it is to be taken, give me Liberty instead." Another, standing at our side, said—"My only boy fell at Winchester. I can even thank God for his death, though I stand alone in the world, if I find Liberty is to grow from his grave."

This is the spirit of the West. You meet no man, with brother or son in that army, who does not deem his death murder, if it does not come consecrated by Liberty. Lincoln is ahead of anything you have said. The State of Massachusetts is offering him to-day millions. What he wants is an endorsement and an encouragement. What the Senate want is a policy pronounced by the people. I have come to you to-night with no welcome message. The sky is bright for the negro, it is dark for the white man, for the simple reason that we have no avowed policy. We have hardly a paper in Boston, certainly not more than one, that is willing to print the speeches of your own Senator, we have hardly types within our borders that dare to print what Charles Sumner dares to say from this platform. How much is to be expected of such a country? Yes, your own Senator uttered words of the utmost moment from this very platform, like these—"You cannot save slavery and the Union." How few Boston journals troubled themselves to give us his warnings! And since, you would hardly know his Senatorial existence from any Boston journal. The presses against whose mobbing I had the honor to protest last spring, and I thank God for it, for I am opposed to mobs, even when pointed at *The Courier* and *The Post*—the sycophants of South Carolina in rebellion—are the only papers that have any courage. It is to such a city, to such presses you welcome me to-night.

I was mobbed in Cincinnati. The Democratic press of that city lied about me for a fortnight; but the Republican press did me ample justice. All over the West, if Democratic intrigue had a voice, the Republican press was equally bold. Detroit threatened to mob me; Ann Arbor, Chicago, Milwaukee. To what did I owe justice and defence? To the Republican press of those cities, brave enough to shelter one who had been called a Disunionist under their folds, in behalf of free speech—the claim of every honest man to be heard, when the country was in danger. I should not have found that defence, I should not have found that support here. I have yet, the Abolitionists have yet to receive the first word of justice from the Boston press. And if I should see it, it is nothing. We are but the dead timber to fall into the trenches, and make a triumphant way for Liberty to advance to her success. But when I speak of your own Senator, of the foremost man of New England, of the most practical man of your delegation, of the man who does more business at home, and holds up the banner of the Republic with greater ability abroad, than any other man that Massachusetts honors herself by putting into office—when I say of him, that there is hardly an inch of space in a Republican journal in the city of Boston for a notice even of one of his speeches—while ample space can always be found, even in professed Republican journals, for open and covert attacks upon him—what hope is there, if you do not rise and let, through some other channel, the real voice of Boston be heard?

In every path of my recent journey, I took no single step without meeting a *Post* or *Courier*, full of lies. They abound everywhere. They are as thick as the frogs in the palaces of Egypt. They are the sycophants of a dying aristocracy. They will live exactly as long as that idea lives in the North. I shall find it here, in many a man of you who still believes in his heart that he who sells his neighbor is a gentleman, and he who makes his living by the sweat of his brow is not. If that man sits here, though he sit where his grandfather did before him, he belongs to South Carolina. Now, as long as these men live, *The Courier* will live, and its readers, when Lieutenant-Colonels will dodge the new article of war, and somehow, spite of government, get slaves back to their masters. But what I claim of you is—the voice of Boston. They said to me in the West, "What do they think?" I could not quote a line from your journals; I had to go to Washington, and claim that your Senators and your Representatives represent Massachusetts, and that the pavements of the Commonwealth had no voice. Is it not so?

In this war growing out of slavery, with so many duties resulting therefrom, and in a Commonwealth bitterly divided on that issue, a Governor, representing at least two-thirds of the people, gives three-quarters of our military offices to men who hate the principles which put him into office.

Now, what I claim of you, I claim in behalf of your own leaders. The President says to his New York friends, "Support me!" Where is the support from Boston? Your merchants ask the removal of Mr. Secretary Welles, and all Washington says he is not in fault, it is McClellan. Your merchants can find fault—why don't they express approval of the President's Message? If the Tariff or Bank were at issue, we should have public meetings, and delegations of leading men sent to Washington. Even now you meet their influential men striving to mould the Tax bill. Why does no voice go up from Boston, from Faneuil Hall, from the State House, for LIBERTY as the wish of Massachusetts? How long is the North to wait without a leader? My message to you to-night is—SPEAK! The President holds out his hand. Take it. Assure him that he has in Massachusetts more than military support. The men who led the mobs of last winter are fighting the nation's battle bravely at Roanoke and Poolesville—God bless them! (Loud applause.) The men who cried "Shame" on this platform, nearly fifteen months ago, are fighting for Liberty, whether they know it or not, in the swamps of the Carolinas. God hold them up, and bring them safe home to enjoy their victory! (Tremendous applause.) But the men who stay at home have also a duty. It *is* a "big job." It goes down to the very nation's life. It is not money merely that she needs. Mr. Seward may put me in jail to-night for making this speech, and you for listening to it. He has the right, and ought to have it, as long as the rebellion lasts. Every hour that he has it, it is a poison. Despotism, and debts, and armies are the medicine of the State, not its diet. Let us leave drugs as soon as possible, and get back to bread. In order to do it, let no timid press speak for us. If the *North American* denounces Sumner as a traitor, let Faneuil Hall endorse him as a statesman (loud cheers). If the fossil remains of dead parties block his path, let the young men of twenty and thirty hold him up in their arms, and let the nation see that Massachusetts, whether she likes his method or not, endorses his result, which is Liberty (prolonged applause). Fellow-citizens, it does not matter what the method may be: Emancipation—destruction of States—annihilation of Territories—removal of McClellan—appointment of Fremont—nobody cares: the result is all. That is, one nation, and the goal is Liberty (applause).

Wherever I went throughout the West, I had one support—let me mention it here. When I stood on this platform, a year or two ago, there were twenty men who never left me alone. They were Germans. Half of them fell bravely in deadly battle at Ball's Bluff. When they threatened me with mobs in a dozen Western cities, there was one thing I was certain of receiving—an offer from the Germans of their halls and their bodies (prolonged and enthusiastic cheering). "Come to Cincinnati," was my last message, "and two hundred men will die before you shall." That is the German voice of the West, and I come home with one idea—No Yankee, no Buckeye, no Hoosier, no Sucker, no native, no foreigner, no black, no white, no German, no Saxon, in that beautiful future which we behold; only American citizens, with one law impartial over all (applause); an empire stretching from the lakes to the Gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, every race, every man, free; and a Union, indissoluble in its interests and its patriotism as the granite that underlies the continent. That flag shall be our future, but in order to it, support your own representatives. Send them up a message officially. I speak to the merchants of Boston, who bound the Mississippi to our harbor; bind now the Gulf of Mexico to Boston. I speak to the politicians of Massachusetts, you who have sent these Republican Senators and Representatives to Washington, stand by them! Remember that you have no support in your press, it is vassal. The press of the Connecticut Valley is as base as that of the seabord. If Massachusetts saves herself, it is to be in spite of her editors. I want a voice from the Legislature; I want a voice from the exchange; I want a voice from Faneuil Hall. If you do not give it, you are deserting the place of Massachusetts in this struggle, which is to lead. The West looks to you; the South looks to you. The Massachusetts regiments are the worst treated, Massachusetts soldiers the worst hated, because they are recognized as the most fixed in their purpose. Show it to be the same in politics as on the field. Encourage the President to enlarge his Border State Message; encourage Mr. Stanton, his whole Cabinet, to say, within six months—"Death to every institution that makes war upon the Republic, and liberty to every man under its flag!" (Prolonged applause.)

## *MISSOURI AND KENTUCKY.*

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 16, 1862.

SINCE the discussion of the emancipation bill in Congress symptoms of opposition to the maintenance of slavery have been discernible in several of the Border States, and many local journals, hitherto silent on opposed to that institution, now speak of it as transient, and express a desire to be relieved from the burden. At a recent public meeting of the citizens of Franklin County, Missouri, a region noted as one of the hot-beds of slavery in that State, resolutions were adopted asking for the gradual extinction of slavery. Ex-Gov. Stewart, of St. Louis, who is very popular, made a speech at St. Joseph a few days since, in which he freely committed himself to emancipation doctrines; and it is well known that a party has just sprung up in Maryland sustaining the policy of the President, and demanding either the grad

ing the designs of the politicians who expect to make their appearance in the Northern cities a pretext for popular tumults, they could earn something for themselves, and contribute greatly to the reduction of the expenses of the government, and to the health and comfort of our soldiers in hospital and field. These suggestions are worthy of the attention of those who have our war matters in charge.


# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1862.


CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

## REMOVAL.

THE office of THE STANDARD is now at No. 48 Beekman st., North side, just below William st., in the second story front room.

## *ANNIVERSARY PROGRAMME.*

**Tuesday, May 6th.**

*American Anti-Slavery Society*—Anniversary at the Church of the Puritans, on Union Square, at 10 o'clock, a.m., WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, President, in the chair. Addresses by WILLIAM WELLS BROWN, WENDELL PHILLIPS, and others. Admittance free. A collection will be taken for the Society.

*American Anti-Slavery Society*—Public meeting at the Cooper Institute, in the evening, at 8 o'clock. Addresses by Rev. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D., Miss ANNA E. DICKINSON of Philadelphia, and WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. Admittance 10 cents, to defray expenses.

*Business Meeting* of the American Anti-Slavery Society, at 3 p.m., in the Lecture Room of the Church of the Puritans.

**Wednesday, May 7th.**

*Business Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society* at the Lecture Room of the Church of the Puritans, 10 a.m.

*New York Anti-Slavery Society*—Anniversary at the Cooper Institute, in the evening, at 8 o'clock—Dr. H. A. HARTT, President, in the chair. Addresses by THEODORE TILTON and WENDELL PHILLIPS. Admittance 10 cents, to defray expenses.

## *THE ANNUAL MEETING.*

WE need not remind our readers of the recurrence of this Anniversary, which takes place next Tuesday, according to the announcement at the head of our columns. It will be an occasion of even unusual interest, and one that should bring together an assembly of the old and tried friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, such as has seldom been gathered. These Anniversaries are to a proverb the most attractive and interesting of any held during what the world's papers somewhat profanely style, the Holy Week, and that to outsiders as well as to those within the pale of the anti-slavery communion. The instinctive feeling of all intelligent persons—and the American public has never sinned through want of intelligence—that the Anti-Slavery Movement did indeed incarnate all of our current history of any permanent importance, has always overborne the attempts of the mercenary press to throw ridicule and contempt upon it. And then the unquestioned fact that genuine eloquence was only to be found within our walls—for the simple reason that in no other place could the speaker completely resign himself to his theme, and utter whatever word might be given him without thought for party, or sect, or prospects—this fact has always secured us a large audience, through the itching of their ears, if not from the pricking of their hearts. We do not think that the magnetism of our meetings, in this regard, will be any less this year than formerly.

It will be remembered that the Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society was omitted the last year from a disposition to avoid even the least appearance of a wish to divert the public attention from the National crisis which was then in the first burning heat of its beginning. An occasion might have been made by the secession party in this city, and throughout the country, to attempt to shift the issue from one with the Southern slaveholders to one with the Northern Abolitionists. In the great uncertainty which then prevailed as to the power of the government to sustain itself, and as to the measures which it would feel it to be necessary to take, the responsible authorities of the Society felt that the duty of every good citizen, at that moment, was to give to the government all the countenance and help possible, and to refrain from anything that could by possibility distract or embarrass its counsels. We think that the wisdom of their course has been justified by the results. A meeting, held at that time, could have had but a slight effect, if any, in increasing the spirit of united resistance to slaveholding insolence and violence, which was the chief duty of that hour, while it might have been turned by insidious enemies—perhaps even by unwise friends—into a means of dampening or of misdirecting it. But a twelvemonth has mightily changed the complexion of affairs. The government has taken responsibilities commensurate with the emergency. The North has risen, with a marvellous unanimity, to sustain it. Though the pro-slavery element is far from being eliminated, it is overawed, and is now forced to act under the false pretence of overweening loyalty, and to stab the nation under a show of defending its life. The President has no avowed opponents. He has only enemies, cloaked as friends, to guard against. And, admitting that he has erred in judgment in this or that direction, or as to one appointment or another, we believe the honesty of his purpose and the sincerity of his wish to suppress the rebellion, at any price, are now scarcely questioned by any impartial observer. The time has again come round when the Abolitionists may wisely assemble themselves together once more to take counsel one with another, to see whereabouts they and the country stand, and to discover what course of conduct duty to the slaves, the country and themselves, demands at their hands.

And what a change has come over the horizon of the nation since we last met together in this city! Then slavery seemed to have established its throne forever. It was supreme in the councils of the nation, at home and abroad, and there was no reason then to anticipate the suicidal folly which led them into their present predicament. Apparently, they had only to strike hands with the Northern Democrats and they could control the destinies of the American people for long years to come, as they had done for long years past. There was nothing on the surface then to indicate a plan of killing the simple bird which had laid golden eggs for them so long. With the Charleston Convention, and the factious destruction of the Democratic party, that the success of its opposite might afford the pretext for an outbreak, the comprehension of the schemes of the slave-drivers began slowly to dawn on the Northern mind. How slowly, we all remember, and how effectually the imbecility of Buchanan promoted the thievish tricks of Floyd and the treasonous cabals of Davis. These traitors believed that they could compel a new adjustment of the Union by which slavery should be secure from any attacks from within, and have the whole boundless continent opened to its conquests without. Failing of this, they felt sure of all the slaveholding States, with friendly alliances abroad and a strong party at the North—a nation of one mind as to slavery, as to the reopening of the slave trade and the indefinite extension of its domain. We will not recall the blessed insolence with which they treated all offers of whatever they had ever asked, and the strides with which they stalked to their design. The first gun fired at Fort Sumter alone aroused the North to a sense of the reality of the situation, and it awoke like a strong man startled from slumber. The vast resources which the occasion has developed, and the energies which it has called forth we need not recite, and cannot even glance at. Nor yet at the changing fortunes of the battle-fields and at the suspicions and doubts which have clouded many minds as to the counsels of the Cabinet. We do not, by any means, think the battle won. The South has shown capacity and resources which have astonished the world. In generalship, up to this point, perhaps the North must vail to her. Though the golden scales in which all events, battles and realms, are pondered, seem to incline on our side at present, it is by no means certain that some weight may not yet be in reserve which may make our scale "quick up fly and kick the beam." The Merrimac nearly did this a few weeks since. Who knows that she may not yet turn the scale against us?

We do not question the power of the United States to suppress this rebellion in the end. As many more men and as many more millions can be had, if necessary. Even if Halleck fail at Corinth, or wherever else Beauregard may make his stand, and should defeat stamp the Fabian policy of McClellan as imbecility instead of strategy, and another surrender, ignominious as the first was glorious, make Yorktown doubly historical, we should not despair of the Republic, but believe that it will organize final victory out of disaster. But however events in the field or in the Cabinet may come to pass, it is the business of the Abolitionists to see to it that their clients, the slaves, suffer no detriment, but, contrariwise, reap advantage from them. It is for this purpose that we shall come together next week, and it is that our work may be well done that our numbers should be large and our hearts filled with the wisdom that is profitable to direct. There never has been a time, since the Anti-Slavery Movement begun, that it was not a potential agent in the affairs of the nation. The slaveholders and their Northern accomplices have all along acknowledged this to be true. They saw, from the beginning, the power that lay in the truth which we were set apart to preach. They believed that, if not silenced, we should greatly prevail in the end. Like the devils, they believed and trembled. That the present wholesome crisis has been occasioned by the change produced in the public mind by anti-slavery agitation is generally felt and acknowledged. There never was a time when only the wisest discretion should guide our words and our action like this. What we say and do will be marked, and will have an immediate and practical weight such as we could never claim before. Time has been when the only thing to do was to startle the public into attention by any rhetorical effects not inconsistent with the absolute truth, in order to compel it to think of what it was doing, and what the slave was suffering because thereof. Height of coloring, intensity of expression, severity of denunciation, were all legitimate methods for producing all the effects then possible. But the tone of the public is changed. It now listens with new ears. It needs enlightenment rather than excitement. Let there be no lightly considered words uttered, no hasty or ill-advised action taken. How to guide aright the mighty events that are coming rolling on is the great concern which should engage our thoughts. Little time need be given to the miscreants who are striving to check their progress with their ineffectual fingers, or to the vermin whom they will soon crush into annihilation if they linger in their path. Anti-Slavery is now a Power on Earth, and the Abolitionists are its ministers. On the discretion, the forecast, the wisdom, they exhibit in their high office, depends the extent and weight of the influence it is to exercise. All who come up to our assembly next week should feel the responsibility that lies upon each one of them, and see to it that the power of pure anti-slavery influence is increased and not injured by all that they say and do.

## *THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.*

THE tide of public feeling respecting slavery has risen to such a height as to have lifted the ponderous body above named from a position where it had seemed permanently moored. It has become necessary, in view of the approaching downfall of slavery, that the American Tract Society should vacate the post it has so long held, of ally and supporter of that institution. But it is an invariable part of its policy, when retreat becomes necessary, to move with such dignified deliberation that only those who watch for the change shall see it in process, and that the confiding people from whom the money comes shall still suppose its Managers to be pursuing a direct, and honest, and consistent course. As soon as it became plain that the overthrow of slavery had commenced, these keen-sighted Managers began the indispensable change of attitude. But nobody can accuse them of too great precipitancy in the matter. They certainly took even gradualism in a homœopathic dose, commencing their change of position by publishing something in condemnation of that particular form of the African slave trade which was practised by West Indian planters in the last century, and which was formally prohibited by the British Parliament in 1807. Their boldness in Christian reform, in 1862, has actually reached the point of republishing the speeches of Wilberforce and Fox in 1791, and the act prohibiting the *British* slave trade, which was passed, through the efforts of these distinguished men, in 1807.

Of course this movement is to be followed by a gradual advance, from year to year, until at length, when the race of slaveholders shall have ceased in this country, slaveholding will come to be spoken of as a sin in the publications of this Society. For this change, and its long train of consequences, the slaveholding Vice-Presidents, Directors, and Life Directors of the Society have only themselves and their fellow-slaveholders to thank. The Society faithfully stood by them until they ruined their own cause by secession. The Reverend gentlemen who manage (and, practically, constitute) the Society have no objection to a pirate ship; but they have no idea of remaining in a *sinking* ship. The spirited action we are now describing did not take place, be it remembered, when the slaveholders avowed themselves traitors and rebels, a year ago, but only when it became clear that the rebellion would be unsuccessful.

The new publication of the American Tract Society, to which we have alluded, is a little book of 144 pages, with this impressive title: "The Enormity of the Slave Trade; and the Duty of seeking the moral and spiritual elevation of the Colored Race. Speeches of Wilberforce, and other Documents and Records. Published by the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau st., New York."

Somewhat more than half of this book is occupied by documents relating to the old West Indian slave trade, namely; two speeches of Wilberforce and one of Fox, against it; Clarkson's "Summary View" of the same subject; and the Act of Abolition passed, more than half a century ago, by the British Parliament. The Society is not yet ready to attack *our* slave trade. In some future year, after the intended series of gradual approaches, it will come, no doubt, to the condemnation of the New York slave trade.

We have spoken thus far only of the first half of the book, where the Society's best foot is put foremost in the direction of reform. The other half, deceitfuly styled "The Duty of Seeking the Moral and Spiritual Elevation of the Colored Race," is designed to vindicate the Society's consistency, and is made up of such documents as it wished to publish, and had already printed, in 1857, when its Southern allies deemed the experiment too hazardous, and forbad the publication. This latter half consists of three documents, all old ones, all written and originally published by slaveholders, and all designed to allow and maintain the present continuance of slavery, as a thing perfectly right and Christian, while they recommend abstinence from the grosser and more odious manifestations of it, and propose movements towards a very gradual emancipation of the slaves at some future time.

The first of these is that deceptive document, the "Act of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, 1818," a compromise extorted from that body by the strenuous demand of a minority for reform, in which, with much and strong censure of the evils of the system, the system itself, and all its constituent parts, are allowed an indefinite continuance.

Our reasons for calling this famous Presbyterian document deceptive are the following: while it has always been held up (by such slaveholders of that denomination as were pressed with the charge of a pro-slavery position in their Church) as really anti-slavery in character, and thus amply justificatory of the Church, even if it condemned their individual selves; and while it really contains so much and so strong language against slavery as to leave this very impression upon the mind of a careless reader; it nevertheless, and side by side with the above, contains the following assumptions and permissions, making it practically a supporter of slavery, namely:

It assumes the slaveholding of Presbyterian ministers and church-members to be not a sin, but only "an evil," and not voluntary, but "entailed upon them."

It discourages immediate emancipation.

It discourages agitation against slaveholding in the Church.

It proposes the expatriation of colored Americans, and praises the slaveholding founders of the Colonization Society.

It not only expressly licenses a continuance of slaveholding, but suggests the teaching of the slaves that God authorizes their enslavement.

It allows slaveholding, and forbids only "cruelty" to slaves. And, finally—

It allows the sale of slaves without even inquiry on the part of the Church, unless the slave as well as the master is a church-member.

Who can wonder that the slaveholding Presbyterian ministers and church-members who voted this document in 1818 have continued to be slaveholders ever since?

Who can wonder that the majority of these same ministers and church-members have since joined the rebellion, and supported the war, both commenced in the interest of slavery, which are now desolating the country?

Who can wonder that the Presbyterian Board of Missions accepted Rev. Cyrus Byington as a missionary, *and still employ him in that work*, entirely regardless of the well-known fact that he suffered a slaveholder to burn alive a slave (both members of his mission-church in the Choctaw nation, under the patronage of the A. B. C. F. M.) without making the slightest attempt to call the murderer to account, either before the law or before the Church?

The Presbyterian Church continues to be, as it has been for a century past, one of the strongest supporters of slavery in this country.

So far, then, as we have now gone in the examination of the American Tract Society's new book, we find that it allows and excuses the slaveholding of this country, and condemns nothing but the old slave trade between Africa and the West Indies. We proceed in the examination.

The second document in the pro-slavery part of the book is entitled—"The Substance of the Plan of a Committee of the Synod of Kentucky for the Instruction and Emancipation of their Slaves, 1835." It gives a faithful and impressive picture of the various features of injustice and cruelty which constitute slavery; so full, so striking and so terrible is this description, that it is plain as daylight that nothing less than immediate emancipation could be the appropriate remedy. The Committee, however, do not recommend this. They recommend that deeds be drawn up and recorded by each master, securing emancipation to his slaves at some (unspecified) future time, and, meanwhile, they propose that the master should retain the same legal authority (which they admit to allow the unpunished exercise of every sort of brutality short of murder) for the present. The worthlessness of the accompanying recommendations that this power be used considerately and humanely may be judged from the fact that we have no evidence that any one of the Presbyteries of the Synod of Kentucky regarded them, or that a single slaveholder in the State, or even a single member of the Committee, acted upon either class of the recommendations of the Report.

The third and last document in the pro-slavery part of this book has the following title:

"The Duty of Masters: A Sermon preached in Danville, Kentucky, in 1846, and then published at the unanimous request of the Church and Congregation. By Rev. John C. Young, D.D., President of Centre College, and Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Danville. Revised by the Author."

DR. YOUNG was a member (and the clerk) of that very Committee of the Synod of Kentucky which concocted the Act of the General Assembly in 1818, of which we have just spoken. His sermon, which we are now to notice, preached eleven years after that Report, is worse in character than that, not recommending even gradual emancipation, and repeatedly assuming that slaveholding is right, and that God appoints, permits and approves it. His exhortation (very exceptional and remarkable in the case of a slaveholding minister) that slaves be taught to read the Bible is more than nullified by his representation that the Bible* authorizes slavery. Even the golden rule, under his interpretation, becomes changed to brass; for he represents to his slaveholding parishioners that even the text "Give unto your servants that which is just and equal" does not forbid the purchase and sale of those servants in the market. And his recommendation (under these circumstances) that masters respect the rite of marriage in their slaves would probably have just as much efficacy, and no more, than a recommendation of Darius, on throwing Daniel into the lions' den, that the lions should not eat him. As surely as Darius, by his sentence against Daniel, incurred the guilt of murder, so surely has Dr. Young, by this sermon, incurred the guilt of alliance with the system of slaveholding. His slaveholding parishioners printed this sermon because they liked it; because it strengthened them to persevere in their sin; and, in accordance with its expressed permission, they have continued slaveholders ever since.

So much for the particular publication we have been considering. But the Managers of the American Tract Society, in their monthly paper, *The American Messenger*, have been for four months past pursuing a similar course, cautiously edging round from that utter silence respecting slavery which has heretofore best suited the wishes of the slaveholders, to a position more accordant with the changed and still changing public opinion of the North. The February *Messenger*, at the close of an article on the Marriage Institution, hoped that its blessings might soon be accorded "to all now in bondage"; and, in an article on the Elevation of the Colored Race, declared that the Gospel is intended to remove all evils from humanity, "the evils involved in the institution of slavery not excepted." *The Messenger* for March, with a degree of falsity and impudence rivalling the highest of its former achievements in that line, informs its readers that—"So far as this rebellion is one of the fruits of slavery, it is a gratifying fact that, while the Society, on the one hand, has issued nothing to irritate, on the other it has issued no line or word in any way favoring that system." And the April number of the same publication, after a leading article gravely querying whether our free institutions can resist the pressure of reckless radicalism on one hand, and of congealing conservatism on the other!—whether the power developed in our present struggle may not lead the strong to oppress the weak!—and whether the faith of the Constitution can be kept with the slave States, and yet the freedom of speech and of the press be secured in those States!—contains a first-rate puff from a clergyman in Connecticut, praising one of the articles above mentioned as follows: "It is important not only for the weighty truths it contains, but as indicating a purpose on the part of the Publishing Committee to discuss in a kind and Christian, but firm and manly way, those evils connected with slavery which are manifestly opposed to the spirit of Christianity."

The movement of Northern feeling against slavery was gaining ground so fast, and the action of Government was moving so decidedly in the same direction, that *The Messenger* for May, the present month, was veered round more rapidly than any of the former ones. Its leading article, though stuffed with enormous and most impudent deceits, commenced with the statement of a truth, as follows: "The American Tract Society has sought faithfully to adhere to its character of a national Society." This is disgracefully true. Not even the Vicar of Bray ever stuck to government favor more closely than this association has done. While the U. S. authorities were actively and efficiently pro-slavery (that is, up to 1861), the American Tract Society was actively and efficiently pro-slavery. When, fourteen months ago, a new national administration wished to pursue a neutral course, they remained silent, ready to coöperate with whichever party should become victorious in the war. When, four months ago, the government began to change its course, and the overthrow of slavery became probable, the Society began to trim, and to tack. And now, when the President has issued a Message against slavery, and numerous reverses show that the beginning of its end has come, the Society makes haste to print and to echo that Message.

There is no chance that the hardened officials of the Tract Society will blush for the many instances of falsehood and of hypocrisy which have been proved upon them; but the very *truths* they now tell, under compulsion of the present exigency, ought to cover their faces with shame, since these truths prove the enormous guilt of every previous year of their existence; and even these truths are mixed, half and half, with deceit. Here are some specimens:

"To the new polity which at the South this revolt has inaugurated, and which, as one of its chief statesmen presents it, has 'slavery for its *corner stone*,' the gospel forbids that this Society should lend even the acquiescence of silence."

This polity is *not* new. It has equally existed during the whole existence of the Tract Society. And the gospel forbad in every former year, as much as in the present, that infamous silence which the Society has heretofore preserved in respect to it.

"Recent disclosures have shown how in secret the foreign slave trade, in despite of solemn treaties and national laws, has been maintained from Northern ports."

*Recent* disclosures, indeed! Previous disclosures, in each of ten previous years, had shown the fact as incontrovertibly. But the Society turned away its eyes, stopped its ears, and passed by on the other side.

"The duty of bearing witness against this portentous iniquity seems blazoned on the crisis."

No doubt. But it was blazoned with equal distinctness on every year since the Society began to send agents and colporteurs into the slave States. The peculiarity of the case is, that the Society would not recognize this "blazon" until the iniquity in question had spontaneously ceased; until it became highly improbable that another slaver would ever be fitted out here, or another cargo of slaves ever be landed on our Southern coast; then, they suddenly became ardent and zealous; then they cried out against "this portentous iniquity," and trumpeted their readiness to perform the "duty" of stigmatizing it.

Of the colored refugees, at Port Royal and elsewhere, the Secretaries of the Society say—

"But no accumulation of difficulties can justify the neglect of these our brethren." * * * * "This latter class, from their ignorance, their friendlessness, and consequent liability to impositions from unscrupulous men, have strong claims upon the sympathies of the philanthropist and the Christian."

Very true! But no accumulation of difficulties justified your neglect of them, Reverend gentlemen, in 1860, in 1859, and in every preceding year, in which you have been fraternizing with their oppressors! In every one of those years, these poor people were suffering "from unscrupulous men" far greater "impositions" than any they are at present liable to—the imposition of heavy burdens, and of heavy whips, of contempt and curses from the profane, and of hypocritical exhortations, yet more annoying, from the pious clerical parasites of their masters. Probably some of the very men and women now at Port Royal felt obliged to utter to Dr. Southside Adams, when he was there, the enormous lies that he has embodied in his books, respecting their contentment and happiness in slavery. Their claims upon the philanthropist and the Christian were yet stronger than now, but you, Reverend gentlemen, paid no attention to them.

The peculiarity in the case of the Tract Society is, that these acts which the Society's organ and agents are now doing are the very things which its officers for a long series of years persistently refused to do, urging reasons for this refusal which remain just as strong at this moment as they were then.

The wish of the whole Executive Committee, and of a great majority of the Society, formerly, was to say nothing whatever about slavery; to let the increase and extension go on, as perfectly right and proper, without a word of remonstrance or even of notice. And when complaints were made of this silence, the Secretaries replied that such silence was absolutely required by the constitution of the Society, and by its "catholic basis"; and that any protest against slavery would be offensive to "large bodies of evangelical Christians." The movers towards reform in the Society, after bearing these dishonest evasions as long as they could, at length determined to compel the Society to say *something*. They therefore concocted a resolution as weak, in the direction of reform, as it could possibly be made—agreeing that all the political aspects of slavery should still be left unnoticed, proposing not the slightest opposition to slaveholding, and agreeing only to discuss, not to oppose, even the *evils* which slavery is known to promote—and demanded that the Society should say Yes or No to this diluted, emasculated proposition. Under this compulsion, the American Tract Society said "Yes," but nevertheless continued its old silence, repeating the same false and insufficient old reasons; but now, without any change in the Society's constitution or "catholic basis," and without any "consent" on the part of Jeff. Davis and his accomplices, or of the Presbyterian, Episcopal, Baptist and Methodist parsons who preach to them (and who are just as much "evangelical Christians" now as they ever were), the officers of the Society have commenced an opposite course of action, and are now calling for more money to help them in the discharge of "duty." Sad to say, our Churches, which have been educated and corrupted under their tuition, will probably be fools enough to give them more.

* Let it not be forgotten that this is the very ground taken by the American Bible Society, in their official publication, the "Bible Society Record"; and the very ground taken by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, in that long upholding of slavery in their Cherokee and Choctaw Churches, which has now resulted in a union of those Indian nations with the Southern rebels.

## *ANNA E. DICKINSON.*

MOST gratifying reports are constantly reaching us from the East of the public labors of this young champion of the slave's cause. On Sunday, the 20th ult., she spoke in Music Hall, Boston, before the congregation of the late Theodore Parker. *The Liberator* says:

"The lecture attracted a large audience, and was listened to with unbroken interest and warm approbation. She treated her great topic in a manner and with an ability commensurate with its importance, going to the root of the rebellion, and calling upon the people to demand of the government the immediate and total abolition of slavery, under the war power, as the only radical method of cure. We congratulate her Philadelphia relatives and friends upon her successful *début* in Boston, and doubt not that she will give high satisfaction wherever she may lecture."

At Providence, also, she met with an equally cordial reception. Mr. Asa Fairbanks, writing to *The Liberator*, says:

"Last Sunday (April 13) we had the pleasure of hearing two lectures from the youthful Anna E. Dickinson, of Philadelphia. She spoke in the morning on the National Crisis, and in the evening on the Position of Woman. A rich treat it was, truly, to all who heard her, with perhaps a few exceptions, composed of those who are unable to appreciate the truth of what is lovely and beautiful. Her voice is clear and her articulation very distinct, so much so, that every word she uttered was distinctly heard in every part of Pratt's large hall, and people were amazed that one so young as nineteen years only should show such a matured and disciplined mind, so well acquainted with facts of recent and remote history, and was enabled to speak with such fluency. The number present in the morning was respectable, and in the evening the audience was much larger. Had it not been that the Rev. Mr. Channing, of the Unitarian Church at Washington, spoke in Dr. Hall's church in the evening, the hall would have been crowded, the admission fee notwithstanding. Many are anxious to hear her again, and more will avail themselves of the opportunity when she visits us again, which we hope will be soon. Thankful should we all be for such an advocate of human rights."

On the evening of the 27th she spoke in the Unitarian Church in New Bedford, where Dr. Dewey formerly preached. The present pastor of the Church, Rev. W. J. POTTER, writing to Rev. Samuel May, Jr., says:

"We thank you for sending Miss Dickinson to us. Her lecture last evening was a great success. Our church was crowded—seats and aisles all filled—and many persons went away unable to get in. I never saw a more attentive or more reverent congregation. The eyes of all were fixed upon Miss D. from the beginning to the end of her discourse. The wholesome truths she uttered are spread all through our city, and will do much good. We hope we may see her here again, and several persons have already spoken to me about her coming again, so that those who tried to hear her last evening, and could not, may have another chance.

"I rejoice that our church was opened to such a lecture—opened by the sanction and authority of our 'House Committee'—and I hope that Miss Dickinson, in her holy mission, will find open houses everywhere to receive her, as I know she will the open hearts of the people, if they can but hear her."

Miss Dickinson, it will be seen, is to speak before the American Anti-Slavery Society, at the Cooper Institute, on Tuesday evening next.

## *J. M. McKIM AND THE PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.*

A COPY of the following correspondence has been, at our own request, kindly furnished by the Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society for publication. We should have great regret at laying it before our readers, were it not for the statement which we are permitted to append to it by way of qualification. See remarks subjoined.

CORRESPONDENCE.

*Mr. McKim to the Executive Committee.*

ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE, January 22d, 1862.

*To the Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.*

DEAR FRIENDS: I absent myself from your meeting this afternoon that I may the better perform a duty which, you are aware, I have for some time had in contemplation. I propose to dissolve my official connection with the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society; and to this end I hereby tender my resignation as Corresponding Secretary. That no inconvenience may arise from sudden change in this matter, I desire to add that, with your approval, I will continue to perform the duties of the office till you shall have had time to supply my place with a successor.

I need hardly say that, in taking this step, I have not acted without careful consideration; neither need I add that I perform the duty its adoption devolves upon me with undisguised reluctance. A tie of more than twenty years standing, even though it be but an official one, is not to be severed without cost; and a relation around which are twined the best associations of a man's life is only dissolved after painful effort.

It is now twenty-two years since I entered the service of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society; and more than twenty-six years since I commenced my labors in this State as a public advocate of the anti-slavery cause. On the first of October, 1836, actuated by a profound sense of duty, and with a heart panting for the work, I accepted a commission from the American Anti-Slavery Society, to labor in its behalf, in this my native State, as a travelling lecturer. I continued in this service, with a brief interruption, occasioned chiefly by ill health, till the 1st of January, 1840, at which time, by invitation of your predecessors in office, I entered upon the duties from which I am now about to retire.

In all these years nothing has occurred to make me regret, even for a moment, my original purpose of self-devotion to the cause, nor the subsequent manner in which I was led to carry that purpose into practice. My labors and experiences have been sources to me of highly prized advantage; and from my official connection with the Society, and the relations in which it has placed me with the Executive Committee, I have derived some of the purest pleasures of my life. I leave without the memory of a grievance, or the drawback of a single unpleasant recollection. The cord which drew me to the cause in the beginning still binds me to its fortunes; and the ties which have linked me to the dear friends who have been my coadjutors have under gone no change except that of augmented vigor.

I retire because I believe that my peculiar work, in the position I have occupied, is done. The ultimate object of the Society, it is true, has not yet been attained, neither is its particular mission entirely accomplished. Slavery still exists; and public sentiment respecting it is not yet wholly rectified. But the signs of the times in regard to the former warrant the belief that its overthrow is near, and the progress of change in the character of the latter justifies the conviction that its regeneration will soon be sufficiently complete for all our intended purposes.

The Society is now at liberty to discontinue the use of some of the instrumentalities heretofore deemed indispensable. The travelling lecturer is no longer a necessity, and the agent in the office need not feel bound to his place by a sense of obligation. This latter fact, applied to my own case, I accept as an indication of duty. Taken in connection with other signs pointing in the same direction, it has brought me to the conclusion which it is the business of this letter to announce. Having performed this task, and having nothing else to add, except that I hope to be with you at your next meeting as usual, I am, in the bonds of fraternal affection, and anti-slavery fellowship,

Yours, to the end, J. M. MCKIM.

*The Recording Secretary to Mr. McKim.*

JANUARY 23d, 1862.

DEAR MR. MCKIM: The Executive Committee postponed final action upon your resignation until the next meeting. In the meantime, I am instructed to hand you the following minute adopted by the Committee:

"The Committee are unanimous in regretting the proposed resignation of J. M. McKim, feeling that his withdrawal will be a great loss to the cause; and while they do not wish to step between him and his convictions of duty, they would be glad, if upon further consideration, he could feel it right to remain in his present position."

Yours, sincerely, REUBEN TOMLINSON, Sec'y.

*Mr. McKim's Reply.*

ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE, Jan. 24th, 1862.

REUBEN TOMLINSON—*Dear Friend:* Your note of the 23d, in behalf of the Executive Committee, was duly received. I accept it, as it was doubtless intended, not as a serious request that I would reconsider my purpose, but as an expression of the kindly feeling which the Committee are pleased to entertain toward me. As such, it is very acceptable, and for it I am truly grateful to the Committee.

As for the apprehension expressed of "loss to the cause" from my withdrawal, I have only to say that our cause is happily beyond the reach of injury from any circumstance of such comparative unimportance.

Presuming that you will take an early opportunity to act on my letter, I am Yours, truly, J. M. MCKIM.

*The Executive Committee to Mr. McKim.*

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 9th, 1862.

J. M. MCKIM—*Dear Friend:* It is with no ordinary feeling of regret that we receive the announcement of your resignation of the office of Corresponding Secretary of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society. Years of mutual intercourse and labor in a cause with which our lives have been inwrought, create the strongest fraternal bonds; and our hearts refuse to consent to the severance of even the official ties which bind us together, until the jubilee of the slave shall announce the end of our work. If any word of ours could change your decision, we would gladly speak that word. Our work is not yet done, and the portion which yet remains to be accomplished cannot be accurately measured by mortal ken. In our opinion, our cause still needs your services at the important post which you have so long occupied. But if your decision cannot be reversed, all that remains for us to do is to accept, with most sincere reluctance, your resignation; and to express, at parting, our high appreciation of the services we are about to lose. It is not in conformity with conventional usage, nor in the hollow forms of ceremonious phraseology, but from the strong impulse of our hearts, that we testify to the fidelity and zeal, and diligence, with which you have served the anti-slavery cause through all its vicissitudes, from the time of your consecration to it, in its day of small things, to the present hour, when it seems about crowned with victory.

With the same cordial sincerity do we reciprocate your expression of fraternal regard, and assure you that the friendship which has been nurtured by the intense experience of coöperative anti-slavery labor through so many years, will long survive that labor.

Our best wishes for your prosperity, and for the abundant success of all your efforts to bless the human race, will ever attend you.

JAMES MOTT,
LUCRETIA MOTT,
ROBT. PURVIS,
ABBY KIMBER,
MARY GREW,
BENJAMIN C. BACON,
SARAH PUGH,
MARGARET J. BURLEIGH,
REUBEN TOMLINSON.

REMARKS BY THE EDITOR.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. McKim, though not persuaded to withdraw his resignation, has consented to remain in his present position till some other person, equally competent to its duties, shall be found to take his place, or till the Committee shall be satisfied that the interests of the cause no longer forbid his withdrawal. Our readers will probably infer from this, as we do, that there is no present probability of our friend's premature abandonment of his place. He remains, however, with the understanding that his duties will not be precisely the same as they have been in times past. The old routine of anti-slavery work is, to a considerable extent, at an end. Conventions, field agencies and other appliances for rousing as well as converting the public, will not hereafter be as necessary as they have been hitherto. The friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society should, it seems to us, devote much of their time and means hereafter to the support of THE STANDARD. Mr. McKim has done much for this object heretofore, not only by his contributions to our columns, but by urging the claims of the paper upon the friends of the cause in his field of labor; but we understand it to be his purpose to do still more in time to come. His letters have for many years been a very marked and valuable feature of the paper, and its readers generally will rejoice in the assurance that they are to be not less frequent, as they surely will not be less valuable, hereafter. In this connection we venture to print an extract from a private letter of Mr. McKim, in which he states with great distinctness his views in respect to the work devolved upon Abolitionists in the new circumstances by which they are surrounded. He says:

"I still hold to the convictions expressed in my letter of resignation. In my judgment, the old anti-slavery routine is not what the cause now demands. Iconoclasm has had its day. For the battering-ram we must substitute the hod and trowel; taking care, however, not to 'daub with untempered mortar.' We have passed through the *pulling-down* stage of our movement; the *building-up*—the constructive part—remains to be accomplished. If our machinery can be adapted to the new exigencies—as it undoubtedly can—I am willing to stay and help work it. But my interest in the old appliances and old watchwords is pretty much all gone. Scarp and counter-scarp, big guns, and '*Delenda est Cathargo*,' do very well when the citadel stands defiant and apparently impregnable; but when the enemy hoists a flag of truce and proposes negotiation, it is time to change our tactics.

"There is one of our old appliances, however, in which my interest has increased rather than abated; I mean THE STANDARD. That is, at present, in my judgment, *the* instrumentality of our movement—literally our *sine qua non*. I would have it understood, even more distinctly than it now is, that the Society spares neither pains nor expense in furnishing for the paper a staff of editorial and other contributors, whose knowledge of the cause and experience in its service qualify them to say the word which its exigencies demand."

Some of our readers may not be quite prepared to assent to all that Mr. McKim says of the inapplicability of the old appliances of the cause to its present needs; but we are sure that they will all heartily respond to what he says of THE STANDARD, and rejoice in the assurance that his best energies will be devoted to the work of increasing its value and enlarging its circulation.

## *MRS. BROWNING'S LAST POEMS.**

*Extract of a letter from L. M. C.*

I AM glad our brave-hearted, talented friend, Theodore Tilton, has presented the public with a collection of Mrs. Browning's Last Poems, and that he has accompanied them with a Memorial of the author, written in a manner so worthy of its theme. Its loyal deference and whole-hearted admiration are such as an appreciative son might bestow on the genius and virtues of a highly endowed mother. Some will consider it too enthusiastic; and it might be open to that charge, were it not for the fact that it is hardly possible to overrate the intellectual and moral greatness of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. I have always thought the most perfect ideal of human character was a harmonious proportion of manly and womanly elements; and Mrs. Browning appears to have been preëminently a manifestation of this ideal. She was manly in her large, comprehensive views of things, womanly in her plentitude of love and sympathy.

The short poems collected in this volume were written for various periodicals, several of them for *The Independent*. Whatever their subject, whether love or grief, children or nations, they all bear the impress of her strong character; for even her "carving on cherry stones" always revealed "the mallet hand." Every utterance is that of a full, deep soul. Yet her learning is incidentally betrayed, never with ostentation. Her mind was full of it, and it could not otherwise than run over whenever the waters were stirred, though it were only by the play of a gold-fish. A few weeks after her spirit had gone to a higher plane of existence, her husband reverently took up the books which had been her companions through years of physical debility; and, looking over the copious comments written on the margins of Greek and Hebrew volumes, he said with saddened tenderness, "And all this learning was borne so modestly!"

There is something peculiarly charming in the domestic history of this woman, whose thoughts dived so deep and soared so high. In all the "Loves of the Poets" there is nothing that approaches it in beauty and completeness. It is more elevated and inspiring than Petrarch's graceful variations on the theme of downcast eyes and golden hair; it is more human and tender than Dante's worship of his beatified Beatrice. The marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Browning was a true union of hearts and minds; and the picture of their home, so English in its character, is all the more lovely for its external framework of Italy's sun-lighted vines.

Mrs. Browning has left an unstained record in her life and her writings. All that she uttered tended to make the souls of men and women larger, nobler, and purer.

* *Last Poems by Elizabeth Barrett Browning.* With a Memorial, by THEODORE TILTON. New York: James Miller (successor to C. S. Francis & Co.), 522 Broadway.

## *EMANCIPATION.*

*To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

AT a meeting of the Liberty and Union Society, held in the city of New York on the 18th of April, 1862, JAMES A. HAMILTON, 1st Vice-President, in the chair, the following resolution was unanimously adopted and ordered to be published:

Resolved, That this Society views with feelings of gratulation the progress, since our organization, of our cause in the country and with our government. And that we hail, as evid

concession have happily prevailed, and the question has been settled unanimously, finally, and from what we learn of the treaty, felicitously—conferring honor on the distinguished negotiators, who will receive, as they richly deserve, the thanks and plaudits of the friends of peace and humanity throughout Christendom."

## South Carolina Correspondence.

PORT ROYAL, S. C., April 23d, 1862.

*To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

YOUR Port Royal correspondent did not promise to be *regular*. If you have had only a link or two in the chain which *would have been* had he gone only to write letters, you must not complain. After quite an interval, if he chooses to give you another link, you may count it rather a favor than the fulfilment of an obligation; and this link is the last.

As I am about to leave Port Royal, I wish to gladden the hearts of your readers. It is probable that you have heard that there are indications here that the government is likely to move in the right direction. I am credibly informed that Gen. Hunter is authorized to receive volunteers from the colored men here and organize them into companies and regiments. Clothing and arms are said to be on the way. It is the intention to employ one portion of them at work one week and on drill the next; and the other portion in like manner, until the whole are thoroughly drilled. Then they will be employed in holding forts, manning guns, and in any service necessary to the holding of those portions of the South now, or to be, in the possession of the U. S. Such is the programme, as I am informed by those who ought to know. The contrabands at Hilton Head are to have a public (private) meeting next Friday night to see what they will do—whether they will take up arms against the rebels. Among those with whom I have conversed there is but one judgment. They are ready, nay they will be glad to fight against the rebels on the condition that the government will promise them freedom. In the certain hope of this they will make good soldiers. And no better policy could be adopted by the government, for if Northern soldiers remain in the Gulf States or in South Carolina through the hot season, especially if they lie in tents, many of them will never see autumn. No doubt the rebels hope that if the war be continued through the sickly season, disease will do more for them than their own arms. To prevent sickness and promote the comfort of the solders in the Second Brigade, it is said that Gen. Benham intends to quarter them in the houses of Beaufort.

It gives me great pleasure to communicate the fact that Gen. Hunter has commenced the good work of giving free papers to all negroes who have been employed by the rebels in the war. This will give freedom to very many; especially mechanics, and those who have lived in towns. I have had the pleasure of seeing one of these official documents. I copied it with my pencil and give it to you verbatim.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

It having been proven, to the entire satisfaction of the General commanding the Department of the South, that the bearer, named Lazzy, heretofore held in involuntary servitude, has been directly employed, to aid and assist those in rebellion against the U. S. of America;

Now, be it known to all, that agreeably to the laws, I declare the said person free, and forever absolved from all claims to his services. Both he and his wife, and his children have full right to go North, South, East or West, as they may decide.

Given under my hand, at the Headquarters of the Department of the South, this nineteenth day of April, A.D., 1862. D. HUNTER,

Major-General Commanding.

Now, Mr. Editor, is not that noble? Will not this rejoice the hearts not only of many slaves, but of multitudes of their friends? But is this all that the government can do? Are governments to have no money, no humanity, no justice, except as they may be exercised by what is called the war power? If *Lazzy* is set free because he happened to be employed by his master or the Confederate powers in working on a fortification, why should not *Sam* also, who was employed in raising corn to feed Lazzy while working on the fortification? And so on indefinitely, until all would be free? I know a slave in Beaufort, a tailor, who was employed in cutting garments for the rebel soldiers. He will be freed. In the same shop was another slave who made coats for the gentlemen—the Rhetts and the Barnwells—who took the lead in getting up the rebellion. He will not be freed. The provision will not affect him. Is not this a distinction without a difference?

The friends of the slave have reason to hope that under Gen. Hunter's jurisdiction the condition of the colored people on these islands will be ameliorated. Already the pro-slavery people here are beginning to call him an Abolitionist. So far from doing what the New York *Herald* advises, expel the missionaries, and teachers, he will favor them.

In a former communication I gave you illustrations of Gen. Stevens's unwillingness to favor the missionary movement—of his manifest pro-slavery spirit. A still more forcible illustration was afforded in his appointment as superintendent of the hundreds of contrabands in the employ of the government in Beaufort, a man whose whole character and history evince the greatest negro hate and pro-slavery spirit—a man evidently possessed of but a small share of humanity. And I am told that he is a Southerner, having spent years of his life in negro-driving. He even boasts of his former position, and says to the laborers, by way of threatening: "I know you; I've driven niggers before." They seem to instinctively read his character and call him "a secesh." For weeks past this overseer has been ruling with an unrelenting heart and cruel hand. He is the terror of the laborers, some of whom seem sick of life. Some of them have said to me that as far as treatment is concerned, they would rather be back under their former masters. You will not wonder at this when I tell you what cruel modes of punishment are resorted to—modes unknown to even the slaveholders hereabouts. Having heard of some late cruel treatment, I resolved to go and see for myself. What did my eyes behold? In the back-yard of the house occupied by the overseer, as an office, stands an implement of torture that the negroes call "the cross." Two upright posts are fastened in the ground, about three and a-half or four feet apart. At the top they are fastened together by a cross-beam. In this "cross" the offender is fastened, hand and foot, by irons or ropes. The arms are stretched to their utmost extent, and the wrists fastened by cords to the cross-beam overhead. Then the legs are spread out as far as possible, and the knees or ankles fastened to the upright posts. Last Sabbath day a poor man was in irons all day, because he had not reported himself for work the day before. Sabbath morning, on coming for rations, he told the overseer that the day before he was sick, and could not work. The overseer did not believe him, and so, to punish him, put him in irons and kept him there all day. Some of the men living in the same house with him told me he was very sick—wholly unable to work. One would suppose that men of so much sagacity and power as are many of these laborers, would not submit to such indignities and tortures. But here, as always, the power is on the side of the oppressor. Martial law rules; and this inquisitor, by order of Gen. Stevens, is supplied with armed soldiers who stand guard at the place, ready to back up the orders of this official with ball and bayonet.

Being told by the colored people that some poor sufferer was in the cross, nearly all the time, I determined to go and see for myself, and, if possible, break up this inquisition. On going, I found no one in the cross, but on going into a back shed, where torture inflicted would not be so public as in "the cross," I found a young man tied up with ropes, by the wrists, to a beam overhead. No one could continue long in this position without enduring torture. I asked the sufferer for what he was punished. He said he had worked one month for the government without pay, and then had hired with the captain of a boat without informing Mr. Broad, the overseer. My soul sickened at the sight, and I resolved not to rest without an effort to break up this infamous system of torture. Calling on Rev. Dr. Peck, and informing him of what I had seen, we went to Broad and inquired about the facts, and whether he had authority from Gen. Stevens for his conduct. He replied in the affirmative, and justified his conduct. Subsequently, Gen. Stevens was appealed to, but to no effect. Last evening, on coming down to Hilton Head, I called on Gen. Hunter and informed him of the above facts. This morning I learn that he has issued orders to Gen. Stevens to have Broad immediately dismissed from office and sent out of the country. Who that has a heart will not be glad? Let tyrants perish! When men, who,

> "Clothed with a little brief authority,
> Play such fantastic tricks before High Heaven
> As make the angels blush,"

meet their just reward, all the good rejoice. Gen. Hunter's order is not only an act of justice, but it will bring joy to many a heart sick with inhumanity to man.

I am this far on my way home. The Atlantic is to sail to-morrow, when I will be homeward bound. Though glad to turn my back upon soil long cursed by slavery, and now cursed by war, and doubly glad to set my face toward home, sweet home, from whose dear enjoyments I have been long separated, I am, nevertheless, sorry, very sorry, to have to leave those people for whose elevation I have been laboring. Among them I have found men—noble-hearted men—true Christian men, of whom South Carolina is not worthy. In their welfare I have become deeply interested; to many of them I have become greatly attached; and I rejoice that I have been permitted to spend two months of missionary labor among the contrabands of Port Royal. N. R. J.

P. S.—Let not the reader mistake Broad as the name of the Superintendent at Port Royal. Far different are the character and conduct of Mr. Lee, and his assistant Mr. McMath, of Hilton Head, who are Christian gentlemen, and manage hundreds of contrabands with ease, never resorting to such cruel measures. Love controls, and order reigns, where Mr. Lee has power.

## Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, April 28, 1862.

MR. LOVEJOY, I think, made the best speech in Congress last week that he ever made in his life. It was, of course, upon the question of slavery. The Confiscation bills were up, and the particular question before the House was the proposition of Mr. Olin of Troy to raise a Select Committee, and refer all the bills to the Committee. The debate opened on Wednesday, and all day it drifted Kentucky-ward, the old man Crittenden closing the debate of Wednesday with a powerful protest against all *legislation* which shall hurt the rebels. Mr. Colfax, to be sure, had made a fine little speech, eloquent, courageous, and truthful, in defence of confiscation, and Bingham said in a few words enough to stop the downward tide things seemed to be taking, but Dunn, Olin and Crittenden seemed to have the ear and the sympathies of the House. It was full time for an old-fashioned protest against pro-slavery weakness and milk-and-water legislation. Thursday morning Mr. Lovejoy made the closing speech on the motion to raise a Special Committee, and it was one of the best anti-slavery speeches ever made in Congress. There are two or three passages in it which I must quote and call attention to right here, even though you publish the entire speech elsewhere. His allusion to Crittenden's son in the rebel army was not unkind, but still was very forcible. Here is what he said:

"About once a week or so—I do not pretend to be accurate—we are regaled with solemn homilies and pathetic appeals from gentlemen on the other side of the Chamber—yes, and as a gentleman suggests, on this side, too, in some sort—homilies and appeals in defence and in behalf of this system of slavery; at least very strongly deprecating any interference with it.

"The speech of the gentleman from Kentucky (Mr. Crittenden), yesterday, was one of these homilies and appeals. He seems to sustain the same relation to slavery, not to say to the rebellion, and to indulge in the same misplaced feelings of tenderness and affection for it—for I will not suppose that any natural affection draws him in that direction—that David had for the rebellious Absalom.

"At the risk and by the sacrifice of many of their lives, the soldiers of the kingdom had achieved a victory over the rebellious son of the old king; they came back triumphantly, expecting to receive some token of his approbation; but instead of that, they encountered an icy reception from the king, who thus bemoaned the fate of his rebellious son: 'Oh! my son Absalom, my son! my son!'

"For this ill-timed and misplaced fondness a stern old warrior, the commander-in-chief, who believed in slaying the enemies of the government, administered this just rebuke:

"'Thou lovest thine enemies and hatest thy friends; for this day I perceive that if Absalom had lived and all we had died this day, then it had pleased thee well.'

"It is precisely with this kind of feeling that gentlemen come here bemoaning the attempted overthrow of this traitorous system of human bondage."

And how magnificently this point in reference to "reconstruction" was put:

"Gentlemen talk about the reconstruction, about the reëstablishment of the old Union, and I am for it. I am for the Union entire, but I am not for the return of the domination and tyranny of slavery, which has not allowed me for the last quarter of a century and more to tread the soil of more than half of the territories of these United States. I want the privilege, which I claim under the Constitution, of standing anywhere, upon any square foot of American soil over which the 'stars and stripes' float, with the full rights and immunities of an American citizen. You say that I can come into the slave States. No, sir, I cannot. No American citizen can go there unless he will bow the knee to Baal and kiss the accursed image. No man can go there unless his lips are sealed on the subject of human freedom. No man can go and reside where slavery is without sacrificing his right to read the current literature of his choice.

"Slavery claims the same right to exclude a newspaper or book which advocates the cause of human freedom as it does to put out the fuse of a shell which threatened to explode and destroy life. I insist, therefore, that slavery must perish in order that American citizens may have the enjoyment of all their rights. I desire the seceded States to come back, but to come in such a manner that I can enjoy the privileges of an American citizen within their limits. I have been excluded long enough. In other words, I want them to come back free, and not slave States. Long enough have American citizens been subjected to the cord and knife, and last and worst of all, the terrible indignity of scourge, for no other cause than holding and uttering principles in favor of freedom, impartial and universal."

But I will not crowd your limited space with more extracts from this speech. Pray, if you can, give other specimens on your outside. It was a fine old-fashioned anti-slavery speech. There was no cant in it, and nothing unnecessarily harsh. I think the general opinion of the anti-slavery members of the House is that the speech was well-timed and one of the ablest that has been delivered upon the subject.

The exact state of sentiment in Congress at the present time upon the subject of a Confiscation act, is almost impossible to ascertain. Several very prominent Republicans have come out flat footed against all confiscation, against the principle, against everything that looks like abolition of slavery. Mr. Collamer of Vermont, in a very able speech in the Senate, a few days since, argued as a lawyer that Congress cannot, that the President cannot, constitutionally confiscate, or emancipate the slaves of rebeldom. According to *his* law, no matter what the necessity may be, slavery cannot be touched by this government. It may be good law—if it is, we must accept it. But it is very strange that such lawyers as Trumbull, Sumner, Harris, Howard and Sherman utterly deny the principle asserted by Judge Collamer. Bingham of the House is a lawyer of great ability, yet he declares that it is clear as noonday that the government can confiscate and emancipate. I do not attempt to say one word as to the merits of the legal argument, on either side—I simply try to show that those Republican members of Congress who are not lawyers, and who on such matters may be accustomed to trust the opinion of a friend, have every excuse in the world for taking that of such very able and cautious men as Harris, Sherman and others. We have only to wait and let the further progress of the war convert such men as Collamer, Thomas, Dunn, and others, to sterner theories of warfare. A guerilla warfare—a clear perception that slavery and Union are incompatible—a little more scalping of live men on the field of battle will rouse them up to see things in their true light. For after all, argue the question as you may, the failure to see any authority in the Constitution to touch slavery at such an hour as this very generally proceeds from a disability to see anything very wrong in slavery, or to see in slavery any incompatibility with the Union.

There is one good thing to be said of the position of such men as Collamer, Cowan and others; they all advocate a measure which substantially covers the ground of the Confiscation bill. For instance, Mr. Collamer proposes a fine of not less than $10,000 on every rebel convicted properly of the offence of treason. Mr. Cowan offers a bill which takes all the personal property of rebels, and the use of the other property during the lifetime of the offenders. But neither interferes with slavery, except with the military power as a final measure. A large number of intelligent persons here incline to the opinion that John Hickman's position is the correct one. I do not mean in his denunciation of the President as a coward, for in that he was unjust as well as unwise, but in his general position that everything relating to confiscation and emancipation should be left to the President—that Mr. Lincoln, as Commander-in-Chief, has the right, when in his opinion the necessity arises, to confiscate property and emancipate slaves. Some of our Northern Representatives, who are so very tender of the feelings and condition of the rebels, will find out when their constituents begin to pay the enormous taxes caused by the war, that confiscation of the property of rebels will be so popular at the North that their sympathies for rebels will be swept away as by a flood. Rose-water philanthropy will not answer for the leaders of this pro-slavery rebellion.

The papers have been very full of attacks upon Secretary Welles of late. I wish to call your attention to the fact that Mr. Welles has been true as an anti-slavery man since he came to preside over the Navy Department. No cruel, fiendish pro-slavery order has been issued over his name, or over the signature of any naval officer. There is no prejudice against color in the Navy, as Senator Grimes has shown in an able speech upon the subject. A part of the enmity felt towards Mr. Welles arises from the fact that he belongs to the anti-slavery wing of the Cabinet. I well remember hearing a Massachusetts Know-Nothing (now occupying a fat office under the auspices of Republicanism) last winter inveighing with great bitterness against Mr. Welles. Upon being catechized he said: "His assistant, Capt. Fox, is a d—d Abolitionist, and it was his attempt to rescue the garrison of Fort Sumter which brought all this trouble upon us!" Doubtless there is much honest complaint against Mr. Welles, but a good deal of it comes from old pro-slavery Whigs, and disappointed ship and steamboat contractors.

A great deal of the writing which goes out from Washington, blaming or praising certain officers of the governmement, is done by men who write for pay alone—writing to-day anti-slavery, to-morrow pro-slavery, as their interest dictates. Before the war began, these persons used to write to the Southern fire-eating journals, while at the same time they were writing respectable articles in the Union journals of the North. Unprincipled scribblers, like those who write in the —— papers which furnish you matter for your pro-slavery column, do much mischief by their falsehoods. One of them attacks Mr. Stanton in a series of statements, every one of which is false. Of course the readers of the journal to which it was sent never have an opportunity to learn that the sober statement of facts was *manufactured* here. But Mr. Stanton and Mr. Welles will be able to withstand all these falsifications.

The Democracy here profess to believe that the Republicans will rapidly change their character as an anti-slavery party, and will become exceedingly conservative. Is it not strange that any one can so misread the times? President, parties, and people are unconsciously drifting to emancipation. Talk of training Judge Thomas to take the place of Charles Sumner in the Senate—it is absurd! Websterism died with its founder. When such a change takes place, we shall see Caleb Cushing in the place of Wilson. Thomas is a very good man, is conservative, and is doubtless against slavery and in favor of freedom, but the old Bay State will not in times like these take a step backward. Sumner *hates* slavery—Thomas is not shocked by it—not half so much as he is at the bare picture of inflicting severe punishment on white rebels. That is the distinction between the two classes of men and politicians. One sees in slavery the destroyer of the country, the other sees in it an undesirable institution, but one to be tolerated. It is to be hoped that when the next Congressional elections come off that either Democrats or full-blooded Republicans will be chosen.

AVON.

## Proceedings of Congress.

RECOGNITION OF HAYTI AND LIBERIA.

IN the Senate on the 23d ult., Mr. Sumner of Mass. spoke in favor of his bill to authorize the President to appoint diplomatic representatives to Hayti and Liberia. He made no allusion whatever to slavery, putting his argument solely on a commercial basis. His speech was reported by the telegraph thus:

"Thus far our government, usually friendly to new governments, had turned aside from these nations. He thought it was time to put an end to this anomaly in the history of this government. Hayti was one of the most beautiful and fertile islands in the world. It has a surface of 30,000 square miles, being about the size of Ireland. It holds a commanding situation in the Gulf, and has maintained its independence for nearly sixty years. Liberia, stretching along the coast of Africa, is about the same in size, and seems hardly less favored in rich fertility than Hayti; but especially Hayti excels in the production of cotton, sugar and palm oil. The argument for treaties with such countries becomes irresistible in view of the demands of commerce. In a list of sixty countries with which we have commercial relations, Hayti stands twenty-seventh and Liberia twenty-ninth. In exports Hayti stands next to Russia, and in the number of trading vessels Hayti is superior to Russia. There are thirteen countries in the commercial list of less value than Hayti, where we have diplomatic representatives, and eight countries where we have representatives not in any commercial list. The Sandwich Islands have only a population of seventy thousand, while Hayti has six hundred thousand population, and her exports amount to $2,673,000; yet at the Sandwich Islands we have a Commissioner and three consuls. Hayti in the last year took more fish, cotton goods, soap, butter and lard than Cuba and Porto Rico together, and more than any other countries where we have a full diplomatic representation. If any other argument is needed, it is found in the condition of things in the West India Islands and Mexico. Spain is attempting to recover a foothold in the West Indies by the recognition of Hayti. We must check such schemes of ambition and preserve the balance of power among these islands. Liberia also, though not so important commercially, yet has strong demands for recognition. By recognizing these two nations we only tardily follow the example of the principal nations of the world."

On the following day, the subject being resumed—

Mr. Davis (Union) of Ky. moved a substitute, authorizing the President to appoint a consul to Liberia and a consul general to Hayti, with power to negotiate treaties, etc. He was opposed to sending any ambassadors to these countries. If they send ministers here and send a full blooded negro, he could demand to be recognized on equal terms with white men. He knew that a big negro fellow was admitted to the court of France as Minister from Hayti; but he (Mr. Davis) wanted no such exhibition here. He was sick and disgusted with this subject of slavery in the Senate.

"Mr. Sumner said the Senate would bear him witness that he had said nothing about slavery on this bill. The Senator from Kentucky did that. The Senator from Kentucky might banish all fear of any social difficulty. He (Mr. Sumner) was sure that no representative from Hayti would ever force himself where he was not wanted; he would never trouble the Senator from Kentucky. Mr. Sumner said the committee had come to the conclusion that we should be represented by diplomatic agents in these countries, and this was in accordance with the precedents of this government and the example of other nations.

"Mr. Saulsbury (Opp.) of Del. wanted the country to know that if this bill became a law, within twelve months some negro would come on the floor of the Senate as a foreign minister, and take his negro family in the diplomatic gallery."

Mr. Davis's substitute was rejected. Yeas, 8; nays, 30. Mr. Sumner's bill passed, as follows:

*Yeas.*—Messrs. Anthony, Browning, Chandler, Clark, Collamer, Cowan, Dixon, Doolittle, Fessenden, Foot, Foster, Grimes, Hale, Henderson, Howard, Howe, King, Lane of Ind., Lane of Kansas, Latham, McDougall, Morrill, Pomeroy, Sherman, Simmons, Sumner, Ten Eyck, Trumbull, Wade, Wilkinson, Wilson of Mass., Wright—32.

*Nays.*—Messrs. Bayard, Carlile, Davis, Powell, Saulsbury, Starke and Thompson—7.

In the House the bill has been referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

SPEECHES ON CONFISCATION.

In the Senate April 23, Garret Davis of Ky. spoke against the various projects of confiscation. The telegraphic report runs thus:

"Mr. Davis quoted at considerable length from the controversy between Wendell Phillips and Lysander Spooner, to show that Phillips argued that slavery was legal and constitutional. He said the great principles which underlie the Constitution were never more clearly and forcibly stated than by Phillips. But Phillips and his followers want to destroy the Constitution that they may destroy slavery. He (Mr. Davis) was no advocate for slavery in the abstract. If his will could remove all slaves to-morrow, they should go, or he would be glad to inaugurate a system of gradual emancipation. But Phillips has now changed his opinions because he thinks his party is in power, and may be able to attain objects by the unscrupulous orders of the party, and he (Mr. Davis) thought he relied very much on the Senators from Massachusetts (Mr. Sumner) and New Hampshire (Mr. Hale). He contended in regard to slavery that it always existed, and when the Savior of mankind came to the earth he came to a slaveholding community; and, although the Senator from New Hampshire (Mr. Hale) was versed in Scripture, he (Mr. Davis) challenged him to show any place where Christ condemned slavery as a crime.

"Mr. Hale (Rep.) of N. H. said he thought of a text which applied to his case, 'That God commandeth all men everywhere now to repent.'

"Mr. Davis feared he was too hardened a sinner. He continued, contending that the Union could only be restored in a spirit of concession and compromise. He contended that slavery would continue forever in some form or other. God permitted it to exist thus far; yet there were impious persons who pretend to know the will of God, and who say that He has determined on the destruction of slavery. If the party in power was not going to keep its pledges, but going to make war on the rights of States and their domestic concerns, then the war had only begun. The Union men of the South would never submit, and he avowed it as their representative."

On the 24th Mr. Collamer of Vt. made a speech which ought to excite the indignation of every "Green Mountain Boy." It was such a speech as would not have surprised us coming from a slave State Senator, but from a Vermonter it was disgraceful. He seemed intensely anxious to save slavery, as far as possible, from any loss or damage by the war!

The same subject has been somewhat extensively discussed also in the House. On the 24th Mr. Lovejoy of Ill. spoke with even more than his accustomed power. [See Washington Correspondence.]

The House finally, by a vote of 90 to 31, adopted the resolution that all the bills for the confiscation of rebel property be referred to a Select Committee of Seven, with instructions to report at an early day. The Committee was announced by the Speaker on Monday, as follows: Messrs. Olin of New York, Eliot of Massachusetts, Noell of Missouri, Hutchins of Ohio, Mallory of Kentucky, Beaman of Michigan, and Cobb of New Jersey. Mr. Olin (Rep., N. Y.) remarked that he had heretofore asked to be excused from serving on the Committee, and he repeated the reasons for the request, which was thereupon complied with. Mr. Eliot of Mass. became thereby the Chairman of the Committee, and Mr. Sedgwick of New York was subsequently appointed to fill the vacancy created by Mr. Olin's resignation.

POLYGAMY.

On Monday, in the House, Mr. Ashley (Rep., O.) reported back from the Committee on Territories the bill to prevent and punish the practice of polygamy, and to annul certain acts of the territory of Utah establishing the same.

Mr. Morrill (Rep., Vt.) said this bill was the same as introduced by him two years ago, with the exception of the omission of its applicability to the District of Columbia.

The bill was passed.

*EMANCIPATION AT THE CAPITAL.*

THE following official announcement appears in the Washington journals:

Public notice is hereby given, that, until otherwise ordered, the Commissioners under the act of Congress of the 16th of April, 1862, entitled "An act for the release of certain persons held to service or labor in the District of Columbia," will hold their sessions in the City Hall, in the city of Washington, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of every week, and that all persons loyal to the United States, holding claims to service or labor against persons discharged therefrom by that act, may, within ninety days from the passage thereof (which will expire on the 15th of July next), but not thereafter, present to the Commissioners their respective statements or petitions in writing, verified by oath or affirmation, setting forth the names, ages and personal description of such persons, the manner in which the petitioners acquired such claim, and any facts touching the value thereof, and declaring his or her allegiance to the government of the United States, and that the petitioner has not borne arms against the United States during the present rebellion, nor in any way given aid or comfort thereto.

And notice is hereby further given, that the time named in the ninth section of that act, for filing a statement in writing or schedule with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for the District of Columbia by the several owners or claimants to the services of the persons made free by that act, setting forth the names, ages, sex and particular description of such persons severally, is, by authority given to the Commissioners by that act, extended to the first day of June next. The Commissioners are prohibited from allowing the claim of any person who shall neglect to file such statement or schedule with said Clerk according to the requirements of that section of said act.

S. F. VINTON,
DANIEL R. GOODLOE,
HORATIO KING.

Washington, April 28, 1862.

THE AMERICAN QUESTION IN ENGLAND.—In the telegraphic summary of foreign news received off Cape Race, on Sunday last, from the steamship North America, we find this record: "A deputation from the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society waited on Mr. Adams, the American Minister, on the 16th, and presented an address, in which the hope is expressed that the restoration of the Union would be founded upon the abolition of the true cause of strife. The reply of Mr. Adams is described as having been very satisfactory to the deputation; but the London *Times* thinks it indicates the policy of Northern politicians, which is to have liberty to deal, according to circumstances, with the slavery question."

As the interview took place on the day previous to the departure of the North America, we may have to wait some days for a full report of what was said on the occasion. Let us hope that the answer of Mr. Adams was such as to reflect honor upon the country he represents.

"THE PROGRESSIVE ANNUAL FOR 1862, comprising an Almanac, a Spiritual Register, and a General Calendar of Reform," is published by A. J. Davis & Co., at the office of *The Herald of Progress*, 274 Canal st. It is designed, as the publishers inform us, to impart information concerning principal persons and important movements in the different departments of thought and reform; at once affording proof of the world's progress, and suggesting, by a broad and catholic spirit, the real unity of all progressive movements—the true fraternity of all reforms. It contains a list of the leaders, speakers, writers and workers in the different fields of human progress. In this list a place is assigned to practising female physicians, numbering 128. This little manual will meet the wants of a large class of people. For the present year it is late, but the publishers propose to have the number for 1863 out at the beginning of the year.

NOTICE.—Members of the American, Pennsylvania, Western, or Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Societies, contributing annually to the funds of either of these Societies, can receive a copy of the last very valuable Report of the American Society, entitled, *The Anti-Slavery History of the John Brown Year*, by sending a request to that effect to SAMUEL MAY, Jr., 221 Washington street, Boston, and enclosing stamps sufficient to prepay the postage, viz., *fourteen cents*.

CORRECTION.—In the list of acknowledgments published in last week's paper, the sum of $400 was credited to the Philadelphia Fair Association, and $100 to the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society. The whole $500 is a donation from the Female Anti-Slavery Society for the support of THE STANDARD.

## Chronicles of the War.

### New Orleans Captured.

New Orleans has fallen! This intelligence comes to us from the rebels, and we therefore have no right to doubt its correctness. The war department has received the news from both Gen. Wool and Gen. McDowell—taken by the former from a copy of the Petersburg (Va.) *Express*, and by the latter from a copy of the Richmond *Examiner* of Saturday. It is announced that our forces passed Fort Jackson on Thursday morning, 24th ult., at 4 o'clock, and that when the news reached New Orleans the excitement was boundless. Martial law was put in full force, and business was completely suspended. All the cotton in the city was burnt, and all the steamboats, excepting such as were necessary to transport coin, ammunition, etc. At 1 o'clock on Friday telegraphic communication was stopped by the operator at New Orleans, with the announcement that the National forces had appeared before the city. The capture has spread the utmost consternation throughout the South. The details of the preliminary movements up to the time of the attack show that the labor of preparation has been a gigantic one, and that the difficulties overcome would have been to a less determined people insurmountable.

### Gen. McClellan Before Yorktown.

Preparations at Yorktown are now in such a state of forwardness that the great bombardment of the rebel stronghold cannot be much longer delayed. The weather is reported to be more favorable, and Gen. McClellan speaks cheerfully and confidently. The rebels appear to be just waking up to the fact that the combinations being made against them are of the most formidable character, and recently, for the first time, attempted seriously to annoy our working parties, who are erecting formidable earthworks almost within speaking distance of them. They kept up a severe cannonading, but without effecting any damage. It was only a waste of powder. On Monday a portion of Gen. Hancock's Brigade made a gallant dash into a piece of woods in which a party of the enemy were concealed, and succeeded in driving them out, leaving a number of dead and wounded behind them. A new battery which the rebels had erected in the woods, was also effectually demolished and the guns rendered useless.

### The Contest in the Southwest.

Our intelligence from Gen. Halleck's army is of the highest importance. Passengers from up the Tennessee, who arrived at Cairo on Saturday, report that on Thursday an engagement took place between the advance guards of the National and the rebel armies, in which the rebels were driven back toward Corinth, and that Gen. Halleck was pushing his whole army vigorously forward. A second dispatch mentions the fact that a reconnoissance had been made toward Corinth, which was pushed as far as Pea Ridge, only six miles from Corinth, where our forces remained from 11 o'clock in the morning until 3 o'clock in the afternoon without molestation. It is possible that another great battle has by this time been fought, unless the rebels have concluded rather to evacuate their position at Corinth—a contingency which is hinted at in the dispatches.

### The Negro Prisoners at Columbus.

CINCINNATI, April 3.

There is a growing astonishment, which will soon be indignation, that no order has come from Washington for the release of the negroes from Fort Donelson who were imprisoned at Camp Chase along with their masters. There is no doubt that the mismanagement at Camp Chase is outrageous; and a Legislature which vociferously applauds Parson Brownlow's proposition to hang all the leading anti-slavery men in the country (another form for a proposition to remove the brain of the country) cannot be expected to remedy any wrong where a black man is involved. There is no doubt that these negroes were going on as slaves to the rebels in this prison, and though there was some indignant talk about the matter in the Legislature, there is no evidence that the thing has been changed. It is certain that these negroes are still confined in prison, and the bulletin of last week contains three deaths of negroes in the prison.

—Now, the all-inclusive question is, why are these negroes in prison at all? The officials at Columbus stolidly reply that they were sent there as prisoners of war along with the rest. But if these negroes had been used against us at Fort D. (as they undoubtedly were), Congress has already declared them free. There is no conceivable point of view from which these men are not free. Yet while these innocent men are in prison, rebel officers in uniform, with swords dangling at their sides, are strutting on the streets of Columbus, and entering their names on the Goodale House register with C. S. A. appended.

Has the President nothing to say, has Mr. Stanton nothing to say, about these things? Is there no voice in Congress to denounce this villany? It may be traced to the same source with the Sunday massacre of our troops at Shiloh, that they were imprisoned; to the same that after the surrender of Fort Donelson, as the first thing, ran up the stars and stripes; as the second, *returned twelve negroes who were found in that fort!*—*Tribune.*

### Gen. Fremont's Department.

Gen. Fremont, having attacked and driven clear out of Western Virginia the main body of the rebels, has turned his attention to the extirpation of the guerilla bands and the restoration of order and the supremacy of the laws. Already he has destroyed the guerillas in Braxton, Webster and the adjoining Counties, killing 17 men, capturing 19, and compelling the leaders to sue for mercy and offer to surrender. When he took command at Wheeling, not a single movement had been made by our troops in Western Virginia during the winter or spring. Scarcely had he assumed the reins, before he ordered Gen. Milroy to advance against the enemy, and pursue or fight, as the case might be. It turned out that there was no fight in the rebels. They fled to the mountains, were pursued through them across the valleys, and finally entrenched themselves on the heights of the Shenandoah ridge. In order to clear up the work as he went, and leave no chance for the enemy to create a diversion, he allowed the entrenched foe to remain on the ridge, and commenced the work of attacking and extirpating the guerillas. Driving them away from their positions—the favorite plan of some of our short-sighted commanders—did not answer with Fremont. He had them pursued, attacked flying, slain wherever met, and ordered severe measures only to be made use of, and we already see the effect of this policy. Another expedition sent against the guerillas sent from Romney, had killed and wounded a number of them, and was gradually driving them down the valley or destroying them. This is a different region from the one referred to above, and the fact shows that Fremont is really devoting a great deal of energy to his department. Operations of this kind, though seemingly insignificant, are really among the most important of the campaign. Fremont has already proved himself admirably adapted to the duties now confided to him. He will clear Western Virginia of guerillas, as he did Missouri, and before long his troops, concentrated in one column, will move down against more formidable foes than the scattered banditti of the mountain region. Thus much justice is due to one who has been made the target of calumny for his career at the West, and who is now nobly redeeming his name.—*Philadelphia North American.*

### Enrollment of loyal Blacks.

An order just issued from the War Office gives general satisfaction. A certain number of thousands of guns, and a certain number of thousands pairs of trousers—we will not say how many of either—are to be sent to Gen. Hunter immediately. They will be handled and worn by loyal blacks.—*Wash. Cor. Tribune.*

*Donations to the Port Royal Relief Committee, made through J. M. McKIM, 106 North-Tenth st., Phil.*

| | |
|---|---|
| I. W. Van Lear, | $5 00 |
| K. Hayhurst, | 5 00 |
| Ann Haslam, | 5 00 |
| W. R. Wister, | 5 00 |
| J. F., $2, R. L. F., $1, J. Heins, $2, | 5 00 |
| Cash from sundry persons, | 5 00 |
| Mrs. J. W. Field, | 10 00 |
| T. J. M., | 10 00 |
| Abby Goodwin, | 10 00 |
| Wm. Hargreaves' school, | 10 00 |
| B. P. H., | 25 00 |
| Social, Civil and Statistical Association of the Colored People of Pennsylvania, | 50 00 |
| L. S., | 50 00 |
| Evans Rogers, | 50 00 |
| A. Blight, | 100 00 |
| Friends of the Cause in Coventry, a large and valuable contribution of new clothes. | |
| Friends in Byberry, valuable contribution of clothes, etc. | |
| Mrs. E. B. Barstrow, valuable contribution of clothes, etc. | |
| S. H. Mattson, valuable contribution of clothes, etc. | |
| Friends in Kennett, Chester Co., valuable contribution of clothes, etc. | |

## Summary.

Of the two policies, that which has been "going to do it," and that which "has gone and done it," the loyal people prefer the latter decidedly.—*Boston Transcript.*

PARSON BROWNLOW INVITED TO BOSTON.—The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company have invited the celebrated Parson Brownlow, of Knoxville, Tenn., to deliver the annual Election Sermon before that body on the first Monday in June, at the Chauncy street church. He would, no doubt, create a sensation in Boston.

THE "BLACK HERO."—Many of our citizens will be able to call to mind an eccentric mulatto boy named Dave, who accompanied Capt. Brent, of the Louisville Legion, on his Southern expedition. On Sunday, during the battle of Shiloh, Dave stood by the side of Capt. Brent during the nine hours' engagement, and aided him in cheering and encouraging the men. He has earned and received the cognomen of the "Black Hero," and is a great favorite with the Legion.—*Louisville Journal.*

*Fredericksburg, Wednesday, April 23, 1862.*—Contrabands are flocking in by scores, many of them possessing valuable information. From them I learn that the rebels had a regiment of mounted negroes, armed with sabres, at Manassas, and that the regiment is still in the service in the vicinity of Gordonsville. The reports of barbarities perpetrated upon our dead at Bull Run have not been exaggerated. The rebels dug up the remains of our soldiers, and made spurs of their jawbones, cutting up their skeletons into every conceivable form, and sending the trinkets home to their friends.—*Tribune.*

"CONGRESS IS OURS."—The following, with the italicising, is from the New York *Express*:

"We cannot blink our eyes to the fact—if we would—or cheat the people of the South—if we could—into the belief, that Congress is not full of Abolitionists, who mean a great deal more than all this—but we *can* convince the South, we must convince it—that if they will come back to us—*Congress is ours*—the Abolition Congress no more."

There is a world of meaning, and not a little warning, in this little paragraph. "*Congress is ours*," is the pleasing anticipation of the New York *Express*, if the traitors can only be "*reconstructed*" into their old positions in Congress. —*Washington Republican.*

GARRET DAVIS NOT APPRECIATED.—The wonderful fertility of the mental resources of Mr. Davis did not avail, yesterday, to charm the Senate into absorbed attention to the comparatively threadbare subject of confiscation. In the beginning Mr. Davis asked Senators to refrain from talking while he was speaking, or, if they must talk, he frankly advised them to leave the Chamber. It shortly came to pass that members waxed very talkative, at least they rapidly disappeared, until the grand senatorial auditory consisted of Messrs. Wright and Sumner (busily writing); Powell (reclining at full length on a sofa, apparently fast asleep); and Collamer, who was the only Senator in the chamber, giving close attention to the speech of the enthusiastic Kentuckian.—*Washington Republican.*

GOOD WORK AT PORT ROYAL.—Rev. Mansfield French writes from Port Royal to *The American Baptist*: "I wish to assure you that the people, who were idle and roaming about more or less when our delegation arrived, are now industriously at work; their dark and dirty cabins are, in hundreds of instances, partially renovated and whitewashed; their personal habits are undergoing a change; sunshine is let into both mind and cabin, and a new life seems to have been given the people. They say they 'loved God before, but love him great deal better now.' The work being done for the people is of God, and will stand. Many may be troubled; timid friends may be alarmed by the excitement it occasions; but we will trust in God, and work, *work*, WORK while opportunity is afforded."

THE SLAVE TRADE.—Thanks to Senator Sumner who has several times insisted upon an Executive session in order to hasten to a vote the treaty with Great Britain

# Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

## COLUMBIA'S SHAME.*

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

TOLL, toll the bell!
Our country's star is falling!
Hark! all the hosts of Hell
Rejoice with glee appalling.
With pallid brow Columbia stands,
The dark blood dripping from her hands.

Daughter of Liberty,
What hath defiled thy garments?
Loathsome they are to see,
Like foul, worm-eaten cer'ments.
What horrid deed, what awful sight
Has turned thy blooming features white?

Her blood-stained hands the goddess raised,
And wildly on their hue she gazed,
With darkly rolling eye;
Then her clear glance of living flame,
Revealing well her matchless name,
Turned on me mournfully.

"My *children* make me vile," she said.
Then heavily her regal head
Was bowed by grief and shame.
"Oppression sits within my gates;
Dishonor on my footsteps waits;
My sons pollute my name.

"My hands they wet in guiltless blood,
And in a black and dismal flood
Of avarice, lust and pride,
Whose loathsome, foul and fetid waves
Howl fiercer than a maniac raves,
My vesture they have dyed.

"My dark-browed children's wails are borne
To greet me on the breath of morn,
And on the air of eve.
I may not stay the cleaving lash,
For quiv'ring flesh and cruel gash
I have but power to grieve.

"Hark! hear'st thou not those clanking chains?
Hear'st thou those groans? they chill my veins,
Hear, hear those bitter cries!"
Thus spake Columbia, and her tones
Seemed pregnant with the tears and moans
Of all life's agonies.

Abroad upon the passing gale
The heaven-born mourner poured her wail,
Worthy a great heart riven.
And shrieks and groans and curses blent,
From myriad bursting hearts, were sent
With her loud wail to heaven.

The Judge of Nations heard it all,
And soon th' avenging sword will fall,
Hot with devouring ire;
Columbia's sun in blood shall set—
Columbia's soil with blood be wet,
Be purged by blood and fire.

Then the Dark Enemy,
Whose lurid crown is gleaming
Amid his hosts, shall see
A brighter morning beaming,
When Freedom's glorious banners wave
High o'er Oppression's deep-dug grave.

* Written the year of the reviving of the Fugitive Slave law.

## THE SLAVERY QUESTION NOT TO BE BLINKED.

From Brownson's Quarterly Review for April.

SLAVERY is now the question, the great question, the whole question before the American people, and it depends on the disposition we make of that question whether we are or are not to continue to be a nation. We cannot blink it, if we would. It enters vitally into the struggle of the nation for life, and we must dispose of it, so that it can never again come up, or all our efforts will be idle, and all our sacrifices of men and money will be worse than lost.

The Southern Confederacy, against which the United States are now hurling their armed forces, rests on slavery as its corner-stone, and derives from it the very reason of its existence. Grant, if you insist upon it, that the sole object of that illegal and dangerous Confederacy is not the preservation or extension of slavery, still the objects of that Confederacy, the ends for which it has been formed, demand the continuance of slavery. The preservation and extension of slavery may not be the end the rebels have in view, but slavery is the indispensable means to that end.

It is, we suppose, the object of the United States in the present civil war to break up the Southern Confederacy, to put down, and utterly extinguish the present rebellion, and, as far as human foresight and human ability can go, to guard against any like rebellion in future. The aim of every nation should be, first of all, self-preservation, or the maintenance of its own existence and the integrity of its territory. Our nation can do this only by rendering universal either the slave system or the free labor system, legalizing slavery everywhere in the land, or permitting it nowhere. Were we to beat, as we are beating, the armies of the Confederacy, and crush its present military power, we should, so long as slavery occupied its former position, at best gain only a truce for some few years, no solid or durable peace. The embers of the rebellion would still slumber, ready to break out and burn afresh on the first opportunity. The slaveholding interest might consent again to govern and use the Union for its own ends, but it would not be extinguished, and would break out in a still more formidable rebellion, and again convulse the nation, the moment that the interest of free labor should show itself able and determined to assert its own rights and legitimacy.

It is useless to multiply words about it. There can be no permanent union of freedom with slavery, no national unity and integrity with slavery in one half of the States and freedom in the other. We have tried the experiment for the best part of a century, and it has failed, utterly failed. Freedom has made all conceivable sacrifices to slavery. Compromise after compromise has been consented to. We have suppressed the utterance of our noblest convictions, done all that we could to stifle the irrepressible instincts of humanity, lest, by some word or deed, we might endanger the safety of the Union, and the result has been contempt on the part of the South for the Union-saving North, and the present rebellion. A new trial of the experiment can succeed no better, for the people of the loyal States, if they would retain the slightest approach to self-respect, cannot possibly make greater concessions, or do more than they have already done to render practicable and permanent that union. The experiment has failed, as fail it always will and always must. It is not constitutional government, it is not republicanism, as some of our European friends pretend, that has failed; but the attempted union of freedom and slavery, of two essentially hostile and mutually repellant systems in the same State.

We cannot, then, we repeat, blink the question of slavery if we would. It meets us on the very threshold of the controversy in which the nation is now engaged, and they who petition Congress to put down the rebellion and let the negro question alone, and they who imagine that the present rebellion can be suppressed and extinguished without disposing of the slavery question at once and forever, only show, if not their lack of loyalty, that they have thus far comprehended simply nothing of the terrible question which now involves the life or death of the nation. The advertisement of some players, that they would present on the stage on a given evening Shakspeare's *Hamlet*, with the part of the Prince of Denmark left out by particular request, has long been referred to as a capital joke; but the joke is not half so capital as that of those worthy people who in the discussion of our present national affairs leave out, by particular request, the slave question. Why, the slavery question is the whole question, that without which there never would or could have been any question at all. To refuse to agitate the question of slavery is simply to refuse to agitate any question at all really important in the present crisis. The whole question of extinguishing the rebellion, of restoring the unity and integrity of the nation, and of sustaining our national life and securing future glory, turns on the slave question. You may, as we have said, beat the rebel armies; you may gain victories by sea and by land; you may even gain an armistice or a truce; but to suppose that you can reëstablish peace, and be really a nation, unless you go farther, and remove the cause and mainspring of the rebellion is sheer folly, absolute fatuity. The old union of freedom with slavery under one and the same constitutional government has failed. Slavery, not freedom, has broken it, and broken it, we would feign hope, forever. You cannot restore it, if you would, and you should not, if you could. No man is worthy of the name of statesman, who does not assume this as a fixed fact, and take it as his starting-point in all discussions having reference to our present difficulties and their final settlement. The slave interest, treated with the utmost tenderness, and allowed to have its own way in almost everything from the very origin of the government, has declared its secession from the Union. It has declared its secession and separation final and irrevocable. It is for freedom to take it at its word. For ourselves we accept the declaration, and insist that it shall be final and irrevocable. We never loved that union, but as it had been consented to by the framers of our Constitution, we have always felt it our duty to avoid doing anything to endanger it. The dissolution has been by no act of ours, and by no act of the United States. It has been effected by the act of slavery itself, and since slavery has seen proper to secede, and to declare that it will have no farther connection with freedom, we are not sorry, and are resolved on our part also, that they shall never again be united, or their union find a place in the Republic.

We have no patience with those politicians, demagogues, and pettifoggers, who labor to restore the old Union of slavery and freedom, who believe, or profess to believe, in the possibility of its restoration, and who try to persuade us that on that union depend the future greatness and glory of the Republic.

## SPEECH OF HON. PRESERVED DOE IN SECRET CAUCUS.

[Extract from the "Biglow Paper" in *The Atlantic Monthly* for May.]

But to come to the nub, we 've ben all disappinted,
An' our leadin' idees are a kind o' disjinted,—
Though, fur ez the nateral man could discern,
Things ough' to ha' took most an oppersite turn.
But The'ry is jes' like a train on the rail,
Thet, weather or no, puts her thru without fail,
While Fac 's the ole stage thet gits sloughed in the ruts,
An' hez to allow for your darned ef's an' buts,
An' so, nut intendin' no pers'nal reflections,
They don't—don't nut allus, thet is—make connections:
Sometimes, when it really doos seem thet they 'd oughter
Combine jest ez kindly ez new rum an' water,
Both 'll be jest ez sot in their ways ez a bagnet,
Ez otherwise-minded ez th' eends of a magnet,
An' folks like you 'n me, thet ain't ept to be sold,
Git somehow or 'nother left out in the cold.

I expected 'fore this, 'thout no gret of a row,
Jeff D. would ha' ben where A. Lincoln is now,
With Taney to say 't wuz all legle an' fair,
An' a jury o' Deemocrats ready to swear
Thet the ingin o' State gut throwed into the ditch
By the fault o' the North in misplacin' the switch.
Things wuz ripenin' fust-rate with Buchanan to buss 'em;
But the People they would n't be Mexicans, cuss 'em!
Ain't the safeguards o' freedom upsot, 'z you may say,
Ef the right o' rev'lution is took clean away?
An' doos n't the right primy-fashy include
The bein' entitled to nut be subdued?
The fact is, we 'd gone for the Union so strong,
When Union meant South ollus right an' North wrong,
Thet the people gut fooled into thinkin' it might
Worry on middlin' wal with the North in the right.
We might ha' ben now jest ez prosp'rous ez France,
Where politikle enterprise hez a fair chance,
An' the people is heppy an' proud et this hour,
Long ez they hev the votes, to let Nap hev the power;
But *our* folks they went an' believed wut we 'd told 'em,
An', the flag once insulted, no mortle could hold 'em.
'T wuz pervokin' jest when we wuz cert'in to win,—
An' I, for one, wunt trust the masses agin:
For a people thet knows much ain't fit to be free
In the self-cockin', back-action style o' J. D.

I can't believe now but wut half on 't is lies;
For who 'd thought the North wuz a-goin' to rise,
Or take the pervokin'est kin' of a stump,
'Thou't wuz sunthin' ez pressin' ez Gabr'el's las' trump?
Or who 'd ha' supposed, arter *sech* swell an' bluster
'Bout the lick-ary-ten-on-ye fighters they 'd muster,
Raised by hand on briled lightnin', ez op'lent 'z you please
In a primitive furrest o' femmily-trees,
Who 'd ha' thought thet them Southuners ever 'ud show
Starns with pedigrees to 'em like theirn to the foe,
Or, when the vamosin' come, ever to find
Nat'ral masters in front an' mean white folks behind?
By ginger, ef I 'd ha' known half I know now,
When I wuz to Congress, I would n't, I swow,
Hev let 'em cair on so high-minded an' sarsy,
'Thout *some* show o' wut you may call vicy-varsy.
To be sure, we wuz under a contrac' jes' then
To be dreffle forbearin' towards Southun men;
It makes 'em tu stiff for a party to use,
Where they 'd ough' to be easy 'z an ole pair o' shoes.
Ef *we* say 'n our pletform thet all men are brothers,
We don't mean thet some folks ain't more so 'n some others:
An' it 's wal understood thet we make a selection,
An' thet brotherhood kin' o' subsides arter 'lection.
The fust thing for sound politicians to laru is,
Thet Truth, to dror kindly in all sorts o' harness,
Mus' be kep' in the abstract,—for, come to apply it,
You 're apt to hurt some folks's interists by it.
Wal, these 'ere Republicans (some on 'em) acs
Ez though general mexims 'ud suit speshle facs;
An' there 's where we 'll nick 'em, there 's where they 'll be lost:
For applyin' your princerple 's wut makes it cost,
An' folks don't want Fourth o' July t' interfere
With the business-consarns o' the rest o' the year,
No more 'n they want Sunday to pry an' to peek
Into wut they are doin' the rest o' the week.

A ginooine statesman should be on his guard,
Ef he *must* hev beliefs, nut to b'lieve 'em tu hard;
For, ez sure ez he doos, he 'll be blartin' 'em out
'Thout regardin' the natur' o' man more 'n a spout,
Nor it don't ask much gumption to pick out a flaw
In a party whose leaders are loose in the jaw:
An' so in our own case I ventur' to hint
Thet we 'd better nut air our perceedins in print,
Nor pass resserlootions ez long ez your arm
Thet may, ez things heppen to turn, do us harm;
For when you 've done all your real meanin' to smother,
The darned things 'll up an' mean sunthin' or 'nother.
Jeff'son prob'ly meant wal with his "born free an' ekle,"
But it 's turned out a real crooked stick in the sekle;
It 's taken full eighty-odd year—don't you see?—
From the pop'lar belief to root out thet idee,
An', arter all, sprouts on 't keep on buddin' forth
In the nat'lly onprincipled mind o' the North.
No, never say nothin' without you 're compelled tu,
An' then don't say nothin' thet you can be held tu,
Nor don't leave no friction-idees layin' loose
For the ign'ant to put to incend'ary use.

* * * * * * * *

Things looks pooty squally, it must be allowed,
An' I don't see much signs of a bow in the cloud:
Ther' 's too many Deemocrats—leaders, wut 's wuss—
Thet go tor the Union 'thout carin' a cuss
Ef it helps ary party thet ever wuz heard on,
So our eagle ain't made a split Austrian bird on.
But ther' 's still some conservative signs to be found
Thet shows the gret heart o' the People is sound:
(Excuse me for usin' a stump-phrase agin,
But, once in the way on 't, they *will* stick like sin:)
There 's Phillips, for instance, hez jes' ketched a Tartar
In the Law-n'-Order Party of ole Cincinnater;
An' the Compromise System ain't gone out o' reach,
Long 'z you keep the right limits on freedom o' speech:
'T warn't none too late, neither, to put on the gag,
For he 's dangerous now he goes in for the flag:
Nut thet I altogether approve o' bad eggs,
They 're mos' gin'lly argyrmunt on his ha' legs,—
An' their logic is ept to be tu indiscriminate,
Nor don't ollus wait the right objecs to 'liminate;
But there is a variety on 'em, you 'll find,
Jest ez usefle an' more, besides bein' refined,—
I mean o' the sort thet are laid by the dictionary,
Sech ez sophisms an' cant thet 'll kerry conviction ary
Way thet you want to to the right class o' men,
An' are staler than all 't ever come from a hen:
"Disunion" done wal till our resh Southun friends
Took the savor all out on 't for national ends;
But I guess "Abolition" 'll work a spell yit,
When the war 's done, an' so will "Forgive-an'-forgit."
Times mus' be pooty thoroughly out o' all jint,
Ef we can't make a good consititootional pint;
An' the good time 'll come to be grindin' our exes,
When the war goes to seed in the nettle o' taxes:
Ef Jon'than don't squirm, with sech helps to assist him,
I give up my faith in the free-suffrage system:
Democ'cy wun't be nut a mite interestin',
Nor p'litikle capital much with investin';
An' my notion is, to keep dark an' lay low
Till we see the right minute to put in our blow.

IF it is a good thing to honor dead saints and the heroism of our fathers, it is a better thing to honor the saints of to-day, the live heroism of men who do the battle when the battle is all around us.—*Parker.*

IF the spirit, and example, and precepts of Jesus Christ have not taught us to love our fellow-creatures, we have no title whatever to the name and hope of Christians.—*Channing.*

## THE SOUTH CAROLINA REFUGEES.

[Among the Chaplains of the Union army in South Carolina is the Rev. W. P. Strickland, D.D., formerly one of the editors of *The Christian Advocate and Journal*, the national organ of the Methodist Church. In one of his letters to that paper from Dawfuskie Island he gives the following account of two refugees from slavery.]

THEY were from Barnwell district on the mainland. Several weeks ago they left their owner, a widow Stevens, whose plantation is about one hundred miles above Savannah. They lost their way several times, as they could only travel by night. When asked how they knew where the Yankees were, they said, "We heard your guns, massa, and dey seemed to call us dis way." Once they were surprised by pickets, and in their flight one of them was shot through the arm and ear; but, preferring death to slavery, they heeded not their pursuers and escaped. "We knowed, massa," said they, "dat we could run faster dan dey could, and dey had no blood-hounds." Living on raw potatoes, which they foraged on the route, and wading swamps and swimming creeks, at length they reached Cooper river and crossed over to our pickets stationed above us on the island. From thence they came to our camp.

The one who was wounded in the arm and ear had been a house servant, and he was, of course, better acquainted with the movements of our army, as he heard the conversations of the family from time to time on the subject. What is strange in the history of these contrabands, is the remarkable fact that they were all of one mind in regard to the character of the war. Their masters told them that the Yankees were coming to take them off to Cuba, or to kill every one of them; but of the thousands here not one of them believed it. Nothing but a divine inspiration could have produced, in the absence of all instruction, such a general impression. The trumpet proclaiming the year of jubilee to the slaves in the Jewish nation did not utter a more certain sound to those poor oppressed and downtrodden slaves than was the boom of our cannon a sound of redemption to the slaves of these islands. No music is so sweet to their ears as the scream of our shells, or the whiz and hum of our rifled shots.

The other contraband, whose name is Pompey, was a field hand. He is twenty-two years of age. I asked him if he was married. "Yes, twice, massa. My first wife is done gone three years ago. Sent to Orleans. I didn't been married by no book, so I 'spect dey had a right to took her. I had another wife one year. De overseer took her for himself, and she has child white as de children of overseer."

"How did you act, Pompey, when he took your wife?" "I felt mighty bad, and if I had the overseer here I would cut him in pieces." "What made you run away and leave your wife?" "I tell you. The old driver had been lashed so hard that he could not leave his bed for a year, and I was appointed driver. I said I did not want to drive; I couldn't lash people. Overseer said, 'If you don't lash them I'll lash you.' Overseer told me to tie up and whip my own mother. I told him, 'How could I whip my mother?' 'If you don't,' said he, 'I'll kill you.' Den I run away, and dey sent after me three white men with their troop of dogs. Dey were bloodhounds, sixteen of them. They chased me seven miles, and I kep dem off until de white men came and knocked me down; den dey seized me and tore off all my clothes, and bit me all over till I was nearly dead. It was cold, frosty weather, and de blood dripped from my body all de way back. When I got back four hundred lashes were put on my back with a rawhide and a shingle. Dey den chained me by neck and heel, and kep me chained all day Sunday, and at night took me to blacksmith shop and put a knee iron on me, which was a ring round de ankle and one above de knee, den a wide bar on each side de leg. At night dey put me in the stocks. Next day de old driver was tell'd to lash me, but he said he could find no place to lash, as de legs, and arms, and back were all gore."

Some of your readers may ask, Can this be true? Yes, terribly true. Pompey showed me his scars. His back is cut in furrows, in one of which I could lay my finger; his legs and arms are literally covered with the teeth-marks of the bloodhounds.

I recollect, when a boy, of being shocked at what I considered the barbarity of a butcher who was accustomed to set the dogs upon his cattle to bring them to the slaughter. The dogs were so trained that they could seize and hold the stoutest bullock. I never knew of dogs being used for catching horses or sheep, even if the latter were for slaughter. I had heard of stories of catching slaves with bloodhounds, but these were said to be Abolition lies. Now, however, before me, in my tent, I have ocular demonstration of the fact. Twenty-five years ago I was warned out of Western Virginia for being an Abolitionist of the Wesleyan school. In the days of John Brown I was sneered at for being a conservative and denouncing his raid; but now, in the day of rebellion, origin[illegible] in the doctrine that the normal condition of the bl[illegible] man is the same that belongs to the brute creation, I am and ever shall be opposed to slavery in Church and State. Whatever it may cost let it be extirpated, and the foul canker removed from the nation's vitals. In my instruction to these poor fugitives I wish the government to understand that I teach them the doctrine that they are free, and their masters have no more right to them than they have to me. I tell them never to submit to slavery again, and to die a thousand deaths rather than go back to slavery. This will form part of my instruction, and I care not who knows it, nor what may be the consequences. The time is past for those masters who have fled from these islands, under the black flag of treason and rebellion, to claim what otherwise under the Constitution would have been their right, and hence to all intents, purposes, and constructions, they have forfeited all their property in lands, productions, cattle, and human beings.

Isaac, an intelligent colored pilot, who has piloted our boats through these crooked rivers, said to me the other day, you would have thousands more of contrabands if they could be convinced that they would not after the war be returned to slavery. Their condition is bad enough now, but it would be much worse then."

From another Correspondent of the same paper.

I visited the negro quarters on the Eliot plantation, and found the women and children basking in the sun. They were of all ages, from tottering decrepitude to prattling infancy, and for the most part all of the same dusky hue. One little girl, about ten years of age, attracted my notice. She looked as if she belonged to another race. Her hair was flaxen and curly. The color of her skin I know not how better to describe than by resembling it to what second-rate house-painters palm off as imitation of oak. She was barefooted and ragged. Presently another, her precise counterpart, save that she was a year or so younger, made her appearance. Then another, this time a boy, differing from his sisters scarcely at all, except in the more miserable wretchedness of his apparel; and another, and yet another, until a group of seven stood about me, all of the same sickly pale yellow complexion, with the same long fine hair, and a similarity of features most remarkable. A middle-aged woman of unmixed African blood told me, in answer to my question, that she was their mother, and gave me the name of their father, but I will not print it. Let it rot (Prov. x., 7). But I pray that his soul may find mercy "in that day." The mother gave me the outlines of her own history, all the principal facts of which were confirmed by a gentleman to whom they are familiar. The father of these children was a man of great wealth, reputed to be a *millionaire.* A little while before his death he made his will, in which he bequeathed his money and lands to distant relatives, and to these, his seven sons and daughters, he pretended to give that to which neither nature nor nature's God ever gave him any title—their freedom! Possibly the adulterous lecher, in that dread hour when death stared him in the face, lulled his conscience with the magnificence of his generosity, forgetting for the moment the universal sentiment of South Carolina that, for children such as these, a state of bondage is far preferable to freedom. But the chivalrous Palmetto State, either of her own accord or at the instance of the legal heirs, asserted her sovereignty, set aside the will, and anew brandied as slaves these boys and girls with all their posterity to the end of time. But that was a mistake! The echo of the guns of Dupont's squadron had hardly died away, when the gallant Carolinians fled in one direction, and the mother with her loved ones in another. By the good Providence of God they found their way within the lines of those they had been taught to regard as their worst enemies; and now, although they are poor and ragged, they are free. May the blessing of the Father of the fatherless be upon the curly heads of these little ones; and if, in the book of His remembrance, the obedience of their mother to the command of a tyrant has been recorded as a sin, may it, through the grace of Jesus, be blotted out.

On the plantation of Gen. Drayton at Hilton Head an enterprising and remarkably cute Yankee from New Hampshire now holds sovereign sway. The negroes were busily at work: women in the fields preparing the ground for future crops, planting sweet potatoes and corn; the men ginning cotton and packing it in bales; and a gang assisted by two or three white men, getting out timber for the creation of a saw-mill. The colored people, for the most part, under the stimulus of moderate wages, work faithfully. I was surprised to see how handily some of them used the plane, the broad-axe, the saw, and the chisel. Accidents "done on purpose," by which "old massa's" tools were so frequently broken and destroyed, are very rare, and there are but few cases of sham sickness, once so grievous an annoyance to overseers and drivers. The stimulus of the lash has been done away with; and while the people have imbibed the precious truth that the laborer is worthy of his hire, they begin to comprehend the pertinency and the power of the apostolic precept, "If any will not work neither should he eat."

"Do you see that fellow?" asked Capt. Lane, pointing to a good-looking, stalwart colored man, in whose veins there was evidently not a drop of aught but African blood; "his name is Prince. He came here from Parry Island. That fellow, sir, can make a trunk, manage a boat, take charge of a steam-engine, or build a house. He comes as near being a universal genius as any man I ever saw." Of course I was glad to make his acquaintance, for men who can do all these these things are not to be met with everywhere.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Times.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH,
PORT ROYAL S. C., Monday, April 7, 1862.

I went last evening to meeting in the negro quarter. The large room in which it was held was well filled, and by negroes, excepting some fifteen or twenty soldiers and white civilians. The preacher was Rev. Abraham Murchison, who follows the Apostolic example of earning his daily bread by temporal work, and who at present honors "the mess," by serving as chief cook. Abraham is a remarkable negro, and is often compared to Mrs. Stowe's ideal "Uncle Tom." His sermon was marked by considerable originality and a closeness of logic that surprised me; and the evident sincerity of his ministrations gave it an interest which does not always attend more pretentious efforts.

His congregation was attentive and decorous. A large majority were men, owing, I suppose to the preponderance of males here demanded by the prosecution of governmental business. All were decently dressed; some of the women indulging in jewelry and hoops that might have excited the admiration of those of pale complexion. The distinguishing feature in their dress was the turban, which is generally worn, and with a good deal of grace, giving to them an oriental and picturesque appearance. These headdresses are all colors, from the neutral tint up to the flaming red, and not unfrequently combining half a dozen colors in a plaid. The fashionable bonnet of the white woman has not yet secured any extensive introduction; though amongst a class of ladies indifferent to the preservation of their complexions, I judge that an article so well adapted to expose the features will not fail eventually to achieve a great popularity.

This Abraham is a character. From the members of the mess which enjoy his services I hear many anecdotes and opinions, which go to show him to be a man of very considerable intelligence and ability. His influence over the negroes here is immense, and the Generals in command do not despise his aid. A few days ago, he was sent for by Gen. Hunter, at which Abraham was filled with the greatest "extonishment." "Dat General," said he, afterward, "is smart—he got an eye dat looks troo a man. When he looked at me, I thought his eye go clean troo me—I tout I could see it behind me. Dat a berry smart General, sah; I know he be a fightin' General, by he looks!"

A few Sabbaths since, one of the chaplains preached at the negro meeting, after which Abraham followed in a few remarks. "I was berry glad," said he, "to hear de brudder speak so well of de 'Postle Paul. 'Postle Paul was a good man; he was a educated man, and was acquainted wid all de arts and sciences, havin' been rared up at de feet of old Doctor Gamaliel."

I heard this morning a statement that told decidedly against the industry and good conduct of the negro laborers. An officer of high position, and an entirely candid man, assured me that he was credibly informed that the negroes employed in coaling our vessels at Seabrook were lazy and insubordinate, and were guilty of gross impudence to the government overseer. So, as I was proposing a ride in the afternoon, I went with Mr. Wilson over to Seabrook (some seven or eight miles from here, on Skull Creek) to ascertain the fact. You may judge of my surprise when the overseer informed me, with emphasis, that the negroes under his supervision were the best hands he had; that they were industrious, civil and obedient, and that he desired the government to give him negroes for all the labor needed there. He has now 26, and has asked for more. He says they are not as quick and intelligent as white laborers, but very steady and reliable. For a while last winter—I think some two months—they did not get pay for their work, and were discontented, but, now that they are paid and fed, all complaint has ceased. By the way, this back pay is still withheld, to our disgrace and the injury of the laborers.

I also talked with some of the hands whom I saw at work, and they expressed satisfaction with everything but the withholding of their back pay. They wish, they say, to procure clothes for their families; and seem to begin to feel the responsibility of self-support.

We saw on the Eliot plantation a family, consisting of a black woman named Rose, and six mulatto children, the oldest a girl of nine years, one of twelve years, having been unavoidably left in Savannah. Rose was the slave of a Mr. James Garrett, of Bluffton, S. C., who was the father of her children. It seems that he had always been a kind master; and before his death, which occurred some two years since, had manumitted the whole family, and provided for their support. Evidently, Rose entertained for him a good deal of affection and respect; but, on the war breaking out, she had been impelled to flight by an instinct of fear, and had succeeded in safely accomplishing the journey, with the six young children with her. She is a woman of intelligence and good appearance, and I think contemplates returning to her old home, and asserting her claim to the property left her, as soon as the National authority shall have become reëstablished in that region.

On this plantation there has been some trouble with the negroes; they have been reported lazy and impudent. As we were preparing to go, Mr. Blake, the Superintendent, came in, and from him we learned the facts. It seems that the negroes had not been able to get their rations from the government, and black men, like white, have an aversion to working without food. One "boy" had been impudent and disobedient, and when Mr. Blake ordered a soldier to enforce obedience, the latter had fixed his bayonet and run it through the negro's side, narrowly missing a vital part, and would have fired on him but for the physical interference of the Superintendent, by whom such an enforcement of obedience was not contemplated, and who was greatly pained by the occurrence. In the evening he took the boy alone and gave him a plain, kind talk, which melted him to tears, and accomplished what the bayonet failed to do. Mr. Blake has, to-day, been to Gen. Benham's quarters, and procured authority to draw the necessary rations, and he does not anticipate any further difficulty. He reports the negroes slugglish, and not overmuch given to industry, but thinks they will improve under proper training.

## DEVONSHIRE LANES.

In a Devonshire lane, as I trotted along
T' other day, much in want of a subject for song,
Thinks I to myself, I have hit on a strain—
Sure marriage is much like a Devonshire lane.

In the first place, 'tis long; and when once you are in it,
It holds you as fast as a cage does a linnet;
But how'e'r rough and dirty the road may be found,
Drive forward you must—there is no turning round.

But though 'tis so long, it is not very wide,
For two are the most that together can ride;
And e'en then, 'tis a chance but they get in a pother,
And jostle, and cross, and run foul of each other.

Oft Poverty meets them with mendicant looks;
And Care pushes by them, o'erladen with crooks;
And Strife's grazing wheels try between them to pass;
And Stubbornness blocks up the way on her ass.

Then the banks are so high, to the left hand and right,
That they shut up the beauties around them from sight;
And hence you 'll allow, 'tis an inference plain,
That marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

But thinks I, too, these banks, within which we are pent
With bud, blossom, and berry are richly besprent;
And the conjugal fence, which forbids us to roam,
Looks lovely, when decked with the comforts of home.

In the rock's gloomy crevice, the bright holly grows;
The ivy waves fresh o'er the withering rose;
And the ever-green love of a virtuous wife
Soothes the roughness of care, cheers the winter of life.

Then long be the journey, and narrow the way;
I 'll rejoice that I 've seldom a turnpike to pay;
And whate'er others say, be the last to complain,
Though marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

REV. JOHN MARRIOTT.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF CANINE INSTINCT.—At the lecture of George Thompson, Esq., at St. Hilda's Hall, on Wednesday last, when the worthy mover of thanks to the chairman was on his legs, and the audience were applauding the remarks made, a large dog which had evidently enjoyed a "refreshing season" during the lecture, suddenly aroused himself, joined the chorus, and "bayed a deep-mouthed" consent to the utterances of the speaker. So signal an appreciation of the "fitness of things" should make the owner of that dog proud of his possession, and place the animal at the root of a genealogical tree, the future "development" of which would no doubt be extraordinary; and if the Doctor should venture to suggest "throwing physic to the dog," we hope the sagacious creature will be taken care of.—*English paper.*

## STORIES OF THE LATE SLAVES.

Correspondence of The Evening Post

WASHINGTON, April, 1862.

A SLAVE GIRL'S STORY.

BENA is a cunning little nig; the oddest and the jolliest little Congo that I ever saw. She is a perfect Congo—no blood of the chivalry in her.

A head thickly padded with wool, jutting out here and there in fantastic tufts; a nose which looks as if it had been flattened to her face by a single blow; lips like two sausages tied at the ends, opening over large teeth, white and gleaming; eyes large and liquid, soft and sunny, loving eyes, has Bena.

She is nine years old, wears shoes more substantial than stylish—regular brogans; a long blue woollen frock down to her heels; a white apron, with an enormous pocket crammed to bursting with headless dolls and their ragged wardrobes, with broken crockery; beads which always need stringing, and a leaf of an old catechism, which she knows by rote, for she is a perfect little Papist, and crosses herself like a saint.

This is Bena—do you see her?

I open my door; and from behind it pops Bena with a bunch of flowers in her hand.

"Ben waitin' out yer dis long time. Picked dese flowers fur Missy; know'd she liked dese ar," says the little sinner, with an insinuating voice, and a grin which almost stretched her mouth to her ears.

Perhaps I might think that it is pure love for me which keeps these fair, fresh flowers upon my table, if I did not know that Bena's heart is set upon possessing a very large doll with a head, and every new flower, she expects, will bring her an instalment of pennies toward gaining that beloved object.

Bena is a slave. Through the greater portion of her life she received a beating from her master regularly every day. The bestowal of this thrashing was a part of the routine of his life; he gave it independently of her doings or misdoings, simply to "break her!" and to preclude the possibility of his possessing a "sassy nigger."

Bena formed a portion of the dowry of his wife, and she having as much attachment for her as she might feel for any animal of her own, placed her in this house to save her from the beatings of her master. Very likely you will call him a boor, but he is regarded as a gentleman of "high blood."

What are you thinking about, Bena? I asked the other day, as the child stood in the middle of the room, her large dewy eyes gazing mistily out in the distance.

"Bout my fader an' mudder. They's way up thar in the country," pointing toward Maryland.

You don't love your father and mother, I asserted.

"Yes Mis', I *does.* I loves 'em better than anybody in dis world. I tinks bout 'em all de time. Las' night I dreams my mudder stands over my bed and kissed me, and so did my little sister Posy; long time since I seen Posy, she's way up thar, too, Posy is," and at this thought Bena began to cry in earnest and would not be comforted. Bena is one of the gentlest and most affectionate of children. If she only had a ripple of Saxon blood in her veins we might claim it as the source of all these quick, strong affections; but as I told you, Bena is a Congo.

Bena is a heathen. She needs "missionary effort" as much as any little sister heathen worshipping her wooden gods under the palms of the tropics. It is true, Bena knows a few strong passages in a Catholic catechism, but she is very slightly acquainted with the Virgin Mary, and much less so with her Holy Son.

But Bena has the reputation of being the most profitable servant in the house. She more than pays her way already. She takes care of herself, she makes her own simple clothes, she waits on everybody, yet always has time to coax tardy flowers into blooming for my next bouquet, or to drop down on the staircase or in the sunshine anywhere to draw the headless dolls from her pocket and go to playing with them.

When slavery is abolished in the District of Columbia, of course it will be a great pity that such a child should be free. Poor thing! what will become of her when she can go "up thar" and see her "mudder" and Posy if she likes!

A SLAVE "BOY" AND HIS FAMILY.

Albert is a young mulatto, soft-footed, soft-voiced, with fine intuitions and affections. Albert has a wife who has not seen eighteen years, and a baby that has not seen eighteen weeks.

This baby fills Albert with amazement and admiration. He can scarcely wait for us to finish our dinner, he is so anxious to go down town to look at it; and as the days go on his wonder and love seems in no wise to diminish. His mistress says that Albert never "shirked" before he wanted so much time to look at "that baby."

Yesterday, he made such an extraordinary noise about the grate, that I looked up to see what was the matter. Having gained attention, he remarked, with some embarrassment, that "if Mis' was willing, he would like to bring his boy up some pleasant Sunday and have her look at him."

I said that I should like to "look at him," and asked the name of this wonderful child.

"Elmer Ellsworth Warfield," said the father, loftily.

"Where did you find such an aristocratic name?" I asked.

"Warfield is the name of de gen'leman what raised me, a very fine gen'leman. And I named him beside after our Cunnel Ellsworth—that was killed. I blacked his boots every day when he was over to the Capitol. He allus payed me twice as much as it was worth. Allus had a kind word to say. He was kind to his men, kind to everybody, was Cunnel Ellsworth—a kin'er gen'leman never drew the bref of life. If my boy grows up to be half as kind he'll do." It never occurs to Albert that, legally, he has no right to say "my boy."

Albert's wife is a slave, and this young Elmer Ellsworth Warfield is a slave. If his mistress wanted pin-money she might sell him with as little compunction as a Northern woman would a chicken. Great consolation, then, it would be to Albert to talk of "my boy." When slavery is abolished in the District of Columbia, what a piece of injustice it will involve—to Albert's wife the right to own herself, and to both the joint right to own their own baby!

A STYLISH BLACK WOMAN.

Lizzie —— is a stately, stylish woman. Her cheek is tawny, but her features are perfectly regular, her eyes dark and winning; hair straight, black, shining. A smile half sorrowful and wholly sweet makes you love her face as soon as you look on it. It is a face strong with intellect and heart, with enough of beauty left to tell you that it was more beautiful still before wrong and grief had shadowed it.

Lizzie's father was a gentleman of the "chivalry," and in her mother's veins ran some of the best blood of the Old Dominion.

I cannot tell the wrongs of her childhood and early youth; if I were to try, my hand would stiffen with horror—my heart, in its strong indignation, would stifle the words I might utter.

In her girlhood she was sold to a family who took her to a great city of the Northwest. For years the "gentleman," the "lady," and their large family of children were supported by the labors of this young slave. Lizzie's great skill and taste made her the fashionable dressmaker of this metropolis. She earned thousands of dollars, and it all went to the support of her master's family. The young ladies went in fashionable society, and enjoyed their fine costumes none the less that they were first earned and then made by the young slave, who, thrice as intelligent and quite as handsome as themselves, sat through the weeks and months in a chamber at home, spending her life for them. They considered it eminently proper that she should do so. Was she not their slave? They owned her—of course they did! In the meantime Lizzie had married. The care of one family, and the support of another, seemed a little heavier burden than she could bear. She had borne it to be a slave herself. She would not be the mother of slaves.

One day she astounded her master by asking the privilege of paying twelve hundred dollars for her liberty. He received the proposition with great anger:

"Lizzie," he said, "I am astonished that *you* should talk about liberty. Haven't you always had your liberty? Don't you go and come as you please? Who restricts you; you might have run away long ago had you pleased. Who has more liberty than you have?"

"It is true," said Lizzie, "that I come and go as I please, because I have always pleased to come and go for your benefit and that of your family. I am tired. I shall never run away; but I should like to earn the right to own myself before I die."

"Nonsense; you might as well dismiss that idea first as last. I shall not consider it for a moment," said this owner of a most profitable piece of human property.

PURCHASING FREEDOM.

Lizzie's integrity, talents and true womanhood had won her many influential friends.

Ladies, who thought slavery a very pretty and convenient institution, some way felt that there was something incongruous in "such a woman as Lizzie being a slave." The leading women of —— advanced twelve hundred dollars to purchase Lizzie's freedom, and her master found out that he must sell it, as he was in very bad odor among the *bon ton.* Yet so reluctant was he that this woman should belong to herself, that when he died, years after, her freedom papers were not made, and she was subjected to trials without number before her claim to freedom was completely established. She paid back the twelve hundred dollars with the work of her needle. She paid large debts of her husband's. She gave her only son a college education. Last summer he was just graduated, when, with thousands of other young men, he rushed into the ranks of the Federal army. He fell in battle with the brave Lyon. He died, and with him the last earthly hope and consolation of his mother's heart. Desolate, she turned her face from the West, and came here, sorrowfully, wearily, to begin life anew.

It is Lizzie who fashioned those splendid costumes